PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

FROM THE HEART OF OUR BOTTOM: PLUNGE INTO AMERICA'S ASS OBSESSION

JOE DEROSA RANTS AGAINST THE MACHINE

JULY PET OF THE MONTH MANDA KAY: ON HER KNEES TO PLEASE

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE DENT

THE FETISH ISSUE

TIE UP LOOSE ENDS WITH AUGUST PET OF THE MONTH

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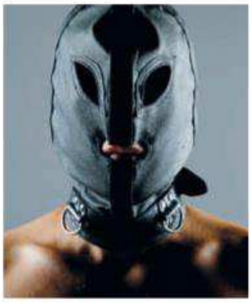
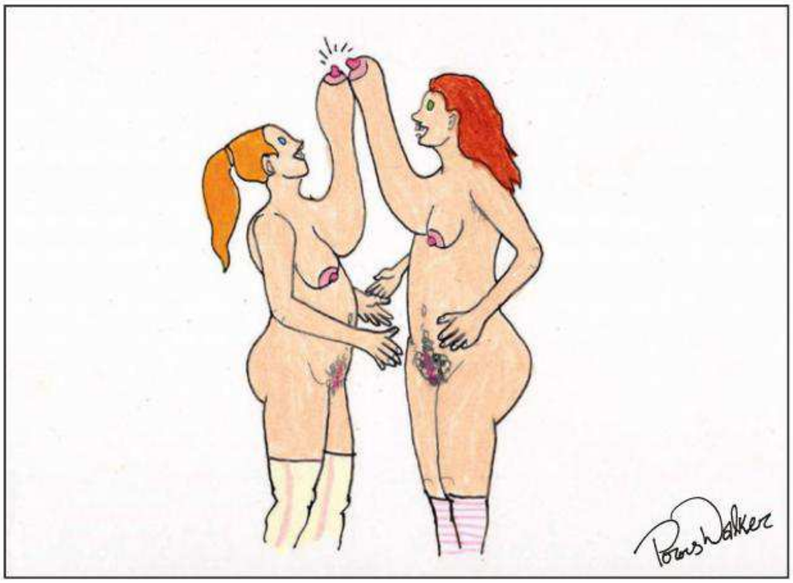


FROM THE EDITOR

ONE summer night, my wife walked into the living room wearing something that looked like a cross between a nightshirt, a nightgown, and a miniskirt. It was warm in the house, and the air conditioner wasn't doing shit thanks to poor insulation and a week of 100-plus degree heat. I don't know what it was–the fact that I could see her perfect outline silhouetted by the glow if the TV, or that there was only a thin layer of cotton standing between us–but my heart raced as I stole glances at her like some deviant lurking in the corner of a Foot Locker, spying on chicks trying on sneakers (too specific?). I never knew I had such an odd trigger, but there I was…hot, bothered, and ready to go. Our libidos were misaligned that night, so I ended up rubbing one out to nightgown porn in the bathroom–a new one for me. Upon deeper reflection, I realized that I'm just a strange bird, and that the nightgown incident was probably a result of some childhood weirdness buried deep inside me. Why can't I just have a normal fetish like titty-high-fives?

Enjoy!

Raphie Aronowitz
whatthefuck@penthouse.com



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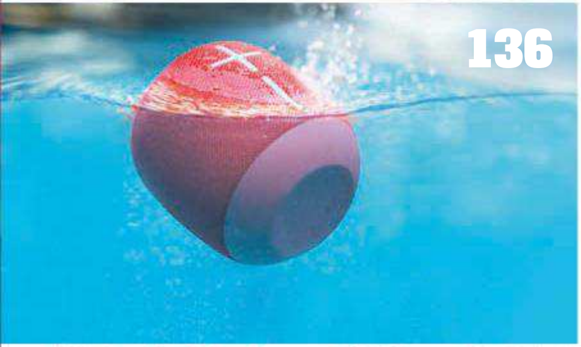
PINK HEAT, WHITE HOT

July Pet of the Month, Manda Kay.



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MAIL DOMINANCE

LONG GREEN LINE

I thoroughly enjoyed Matt Gallagher's Embrace the Suck column "Welcome Home." *Penthouse* has been a strong advocate for veterans since its inception. I enlisted right out of high school and retired as a Master Sergeant in 1995. I'm no war hero–my Air Force career was more like an Elvis movie.

Matt's claims of the abuse these men endured is not a myth. I witnessed it firsthand through my older relatives. The disgraceful way they were received back home is a permanent scar on our nation.

When we went into Desert Storm, many of my superiors and contemporaries were 'nam vets. We kept hammering home lessons learned from Vietnam. Lessons on how not to get bogged down in a lengthy ground war: **1)** Have a clearly defined mission. **2)** Hit them hard and don't let up. **3)** Once the mission is accomplished, get the hell outta Dodge.

All those lessons have been misplaced, and we are now 15 years into a war that should have ended with bin Laden's death in 2011.

One thing Vietnam veterans had going for them was an active and vocal opposition to the war effort. Public sentiment played a huge factor in bringing that war to a close. Today, our wars just get rebranded and relocated. A pat on the back and the occasional free beer don't justify sending our nation's youth off to be maimed and killed.

—Paul P., via email

[Ed: Thanks to men and women like you, Paul, I have the luxury of sitting in front of my computer to take well-deserved shots at our pathetic commander in chief. Thank you for your service, your selflessness, and your insight.]

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A mucophiliac gets sexually aroused by sneezing, which is really fucking bizarre.

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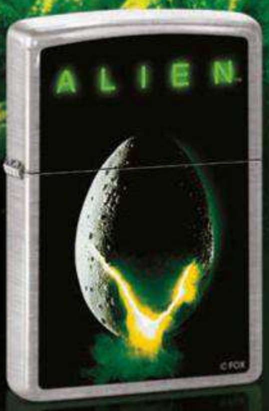

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

UPSCALE COCK TALE

I WORK as a bartender in the cocktail lounge of a ritzy hotel. Not only is the place frequented by extremely wealthy tourists, but it also gets famous athletes and celebrities. The hotel's status means there's no messing around at work, so I take my job seriously.

Most of the women employed in the cocktail lounge are career servers who show up for their shifts looking manicured and sexy every time out. They're all beautiful, but when April got hired, she took it up another notch.

I remember the first shift she worked. I was so distracted by her I almost broke two bottles of Grey Goose while shaking martinis. She's tall, blonde, and delicate with an hourglass figure: perfect hips and a full, juicy rack. Her eyes are always heavy, half-closed like she's in a permanent state of serotonin bliss, and she paints her lips bright red. She's a classic—like a twenty-first-century Jayne Mansfield.

Weeks passed. I'd made little headway with April, but there were a few positive signs. On busy nights, she would come to me with her drink orders and ask me to "save her" from annoying customers. She had this way of singling me out, but there was never enough to justify making a big move. Plus, our work atmosphere was so stiff and regulated it was hard to balance a fuck-quest on the clock. There are cameras on us at all times and our managers float in and out to make sure that the premium guests are being treated right.

Finally, though, a night came when the two of us were the last ones leaving the lounge after a particularly grueling shift. An older famous athlete had been staying at the hotel and booked the lounge for a private party. Watching these old dudes flirt with April all night was brutal. I tried to focus on mixing drinks.

After everyone was gone, we counted our money and completed our closing duties, preparing for the overnight crew to come and clean the lounge.

"That was something else," she sighed. "Those old fuckers were too much."

"That bad, huh?" I tried to play it cool, though my jaw might have clenched a bit.

We walked out to the parking lot and ended up at my car. She lit up a cigarette and leaned against the driver's side door, propping her heel up like she was posing for a Marlboro Light ad from the fifties. Her blonde hair was pulled back, and her bright red lips curled around her cigarette as she slowly inhaled. *Trade my dick out for that Marlboro,* I thought.

"Can I have a ride home?" she suddenly asked. April went on to explain that her car was at the shop and she was going to call an Uber, but....

As you can imagine, I had no problem with the idea. I led her around to the passenger side of my car and opened the door. She slid in, sweeping up her long coat behind her. "Thank you," she purred.

I took a deep breath before getting behind the wheel. It was a chilly night, so I turned on the heater as we pulled out of the parking lot. April didn't say much. As I drove, she undid her coat and slipped it off her shoulders.

"Too warm?" I asked, reaching for the temperature control.

"Nope," she said. A moment later, she grabbed my hand and pulled it toward her. She slid my fingers between her crimson lips and started sucking. *Holy fucking shit,* I thought.

Immediately, I got rock-hard. She continued to run her silky tongue all over my fingers. Mindful of where this was heading, I turned down a side street instead of hopping on the freeway.

After gently choking herself with my fingers, April reached for my dick, rubbing her hand over my pants. She wiggled toward me and moaned as she started kissing my neck, running her tongue up to my ear and toying with it like a little

SHE GROUND HER HIPS INTO ME, SLIDING BACK AND FORTH, SLOW AND DEEP. HER SLIT WAS SOFT AS VELVET, AND SQUEEZED TIGHTLY AROUND MY THROBBING COCK.

snake. She pulled on my hair and worked her other hand up and down my cock. I couldn't take it anymore. I pulled the car over so fast it pushed her back into her seat.

Without missing a beat, she grinned and undid my pants as she climbed on top of me, positioning her pussy just above my cock. I reached down and hooked my fingers into her thong, thirsty for her cunt. I pulled so hard, I ripped the thong in half. She just laughed and lowered herself onto my dick.

She ground her hips into me, sliding back and forth, slow and deep. Her slit was soft as velvet, and squeezed tightly around my throbbing cock. She moaned as I gripped her beautiful ass while she rode me up and down.

We got a perfect rhythm going, her ass in my hands as she screamed and dug her long fingernails into the back of my neck and I drilled my dick deeper inside her tight little pussy.

As if on cue with my cock, she pulled my head into her cleavage and screamed that she was going to come. I buried my face in her tits, grabbed her juicy ass as hard as I could, and locked her in place as we both exploded. I didn't want to move for a while—the feeling was so unbelievable.

The car was steamed up when we were done and we came back to reality. April let out another little laugh as she exhaled and pressed her cheek to my shoulder.

Then she got off me and slid back onto her seat. She looked at me with those gorgeous sexy-sleepy eyes, then she noticed the ripped thong on the dashboard. She held it up with a smile. "That was fun," she said.

I kissed her hand in agreement and took her home.

—Elliott S., Boston, Massachusetts

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

Seeing is believing. When you've had the encounter you've been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to: *Penthouse* magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email us at letters@penthouse.com.

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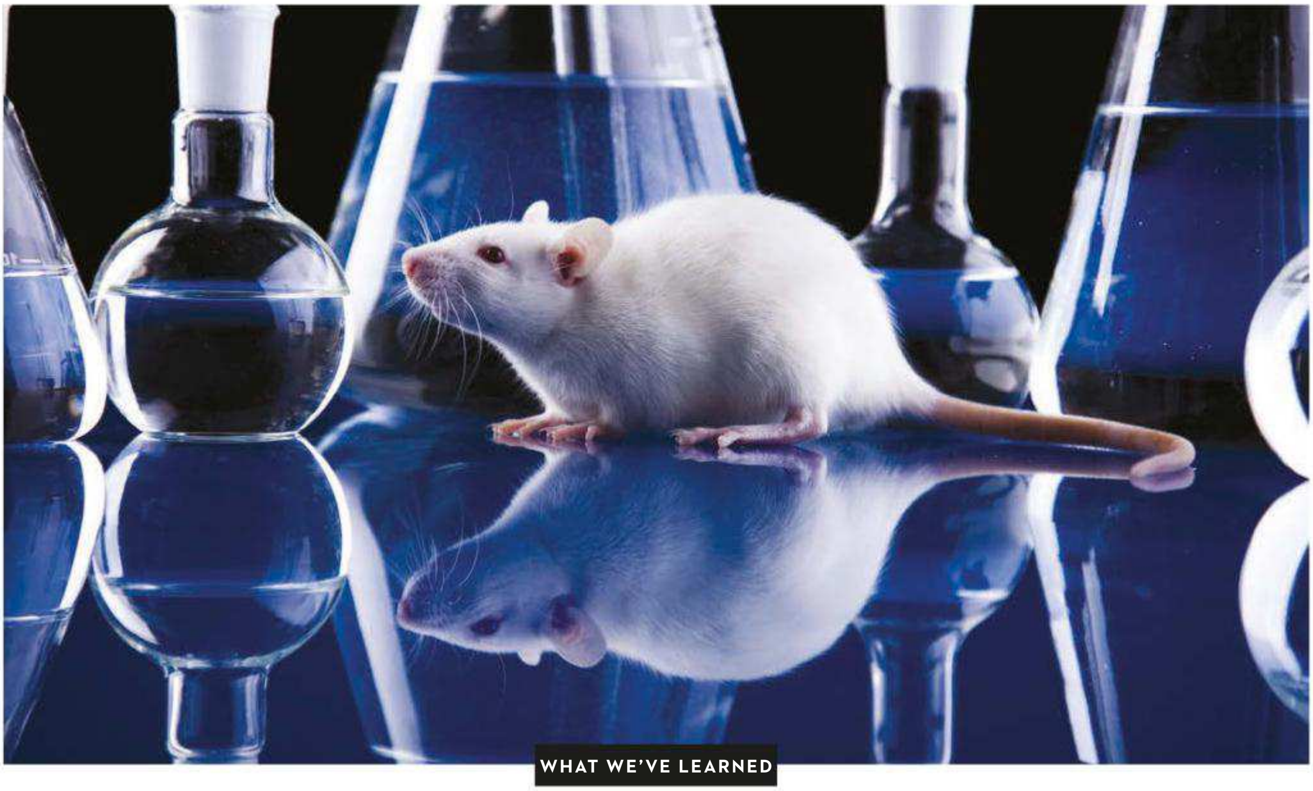
SQUIRMIN' VERMIN

FETISHISTIC LAB RATS, A TERRORIST BABY, A GENDERLESS EXTRATERRESTRIAL, AND OTHER ODDITIES FROM AROUND THE GLOBE.



WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

RAT PACKERS

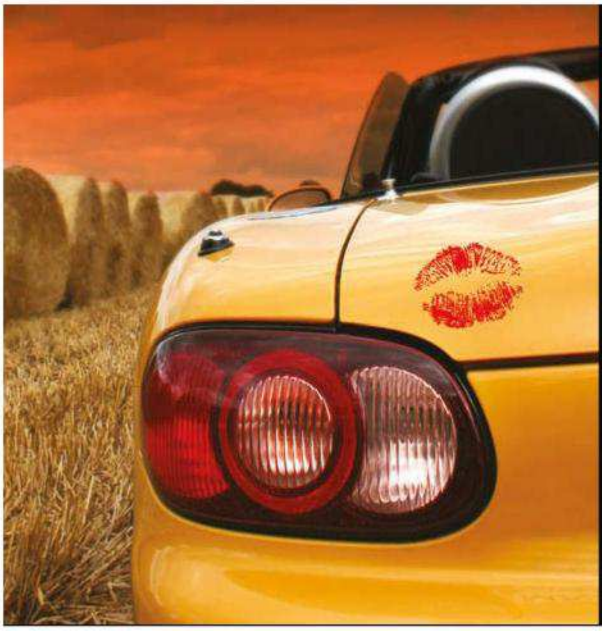
IN a recent paper with the subtitle "A Model of Fetish Development" published in the journal *Physiology & Behavior,* scientists messed with the little brains of male rats to see if they could create a clothing fetish in them.

In one of the experiments, a group of 40 virgins were split into two groups: Half had the first nine shags of their lives with girl rats while wearing little rat-hipster jackets; the other half had sex without jackets.

For their tenth go, the 40 studs were randomly assigned 20 jackets. Researchers discovered that all the guys who did not wear a jacket before fucked like champs regardless of what they were wearing. Putting the jacket on didn't mean shit.

As for the rats that trained with a jacket but went without for the tenth trial? Well, surprise, surprise: 80 percent mounted, 70 percent penetrated, and just 60 percent blew their load.

The fetish is, they developed an association between wearing the jacket and sex. In other words, take away the jacket and you take away the man.



AUTOEROTICISM

HAVE you ever heard of objectophilia? It's when humans fall in love with things. Like in 2010, when an Australian woman married a bridge in France.

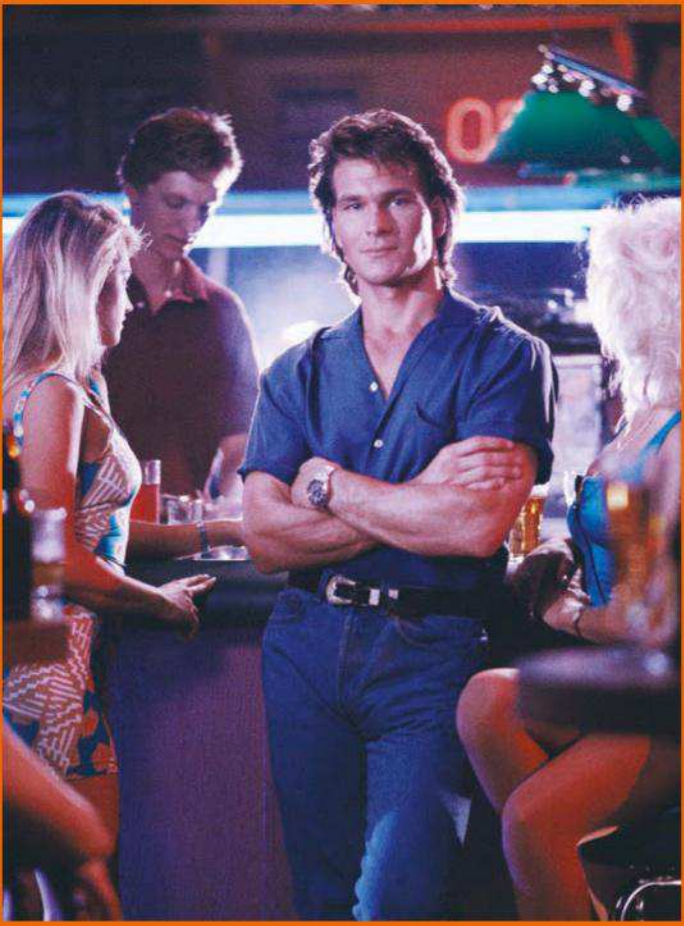
Earlier this year, in a livestream event on Facebook and YouTube, Austin's 96.7 KISS FM held a "Kiss a Kia Contest," where 20 people signed up to kiss a car for 50 hours. Contestants were given a ten-minute break every hour, but the rest of the time was spent practicing little circles with their tongues on a room-temperature sedan.

Each contestant brought their own brand of absurdity to the spectacle, including some schmuck who kneeled prayerfully while kissing the car…for 50 fucking hours.

Who gives a flying shit who won? They're all losers in our book.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / TOP: SEBASTIAN DUDA / BOTTOM: SUE C

NOBODY PUTS SWAYZE IN A CORNER



L.A.'s Julien's Auctions is including nearly 650 of Patrick Swayze's belongings in its "Hollywood Legends" collection.

It's difficult to imagine owning anything less cool than the leather jacket he wore in *Dirty Dancing*, but if you want an actual part of Swayze, one of his teeth will be up on the block. *Ghost* fans might be interested in a silk shirt he wore in the movie, which could complement a collection of his X-rays from 1976 to 1997, and some lucky bidder will likely walk away with the G-string he donned in the film no one saw, *Keeping Mum*.

As possible evidence that he was exploring alternative cancer therapies (Swayze died of pancreatic cancer in 2009), there's a collection of minerals, fossils, and other "new age spiritual items" like tarot cards, crystal wands, and something called a "scrying sphere," which is a fancy way of saying "crystal ball."

But even the most cynical can't deny it's heartbreaking to see his childhood teddy bear up for auction. Swayze once wrote, "For many years Teddy was my only friend, he was the only person I could trust with my secrets. He never laughed at my dreams, what I accomplished or aspired towards."

Those interested in Teddy will have the chance to redeem themselves by bidding on the surfboard Swayze used in *Point Break*.

See you in the next life, Bodhi!

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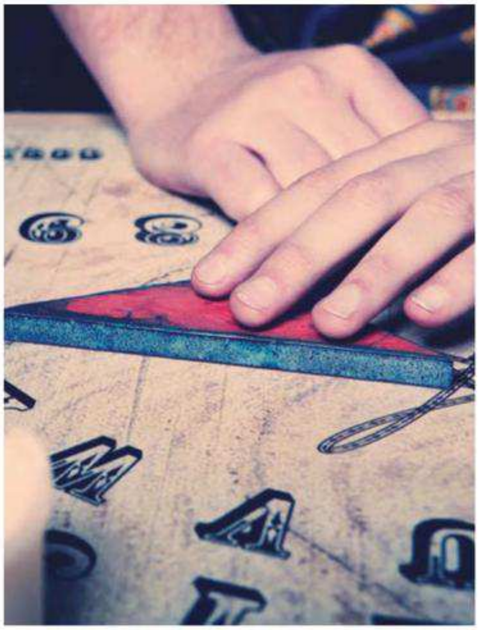


YES. NO. GOOD BYE.

IN April, convicted rapist Marjorie Anna Stubblefield was in court again.

In the fall of 2015, Stubblefield, the 47-year-old former chairwoman of philosophy at Rutgers University in New Jersey, was found guilty on two counts of aggravated sexual assault and sentenced to a dozen years in prison.

Court documents refer to "D.J.," her victim (or lover if you side with her), as a mute 35-year-old with cerebral palsy diagnosed with severe physical and cognitive impairments. "I was deeply in love," she wrote in a letter to the judge after her conviction. "I believed that he and I were intellectual equals, and that our romantic relationship was consensual and mutually loving. I intended no harm, and I had nothing to gain."

All along, Stubblefield has maintained that D.J. consented to their affair through what's called "facilitated communication" (FC), which means he typed out his words with her hand supporting his and pulling back against his frequent muscle spasms. At trial, the state convinced a jury that, at best, Stubblefield's efforts at FC amounted to an unconscious human-Ouija-board-sex-fantasy, and at worst a knowing fraud.

Stubblefield, however, may get a second chance on the basis that her trial judge had unfairly excluded FC-method evidence that would have helped her lawyers prove its legitimacy.

MAZE RUNNER

MANY bars, pubs, and liquor shops throughout India are shit out of luck due to a Supreme Court order saying booze must be sold more than 1,640 feet away from state and national highways.

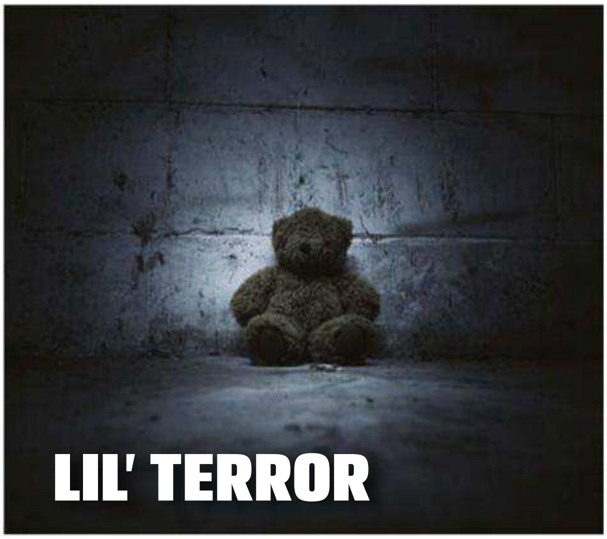
The verdict was a particular blow to drinkers in the state of Kerala, because there was already a law restricting the sale of liquor in hotel bars to those rated three stars or higher.

But a genius watering-hole in Kerala's Ernakulam district decided to literally make a way around this new order. The Aishwarya Bar in North Paravur, a Kochi suburb, has built a maze to the entrance, and renamed itself Snehamathil, meaning "Wall of Love."

"We have done nothing illegal. We have constructed an extended way to reach the bar. Now it is 1,700 feet from the highway," said the bar manager.

Even officials admitted it's okay. One commissioner said, "We don't measure the aerial distance but only the walking distance. However, they will be fined for altering the entrance."

According to the owners, the 33-foot-wide, 820-foot-long maze was completed in three days at a cost of about $2,300. Though it will likely take patrons twice as long to find their way out.



LIL' TERROR

HARVEY Kenyon-Cairns, a three-month-old baby, was taken from his home to the U.S. embassy in London to be questioned by officials after his grandfather, Paul Kenyon, mistakenly identified him as a terrorist on a visa waiver form which reads: "Do you seek to engage in or have you ever engaged in terrorist activities, espionage, sabotage, or genocide?" Kenyon ticked "Yes." They were planning to fly to Disney World in Orlando for his first overseas vacation.

"Baby Harvey was good as gold for the interview and never cried once. I thought about taking him along in an orange jumpsuit, but thought better of it," said Kenyon. "They didn't appear to have a sense of humor. He's obviously never engaged in genocide, or espionage, but he has sabotaged quite a few nappies in his time, though I didn't tell them that at the embassy."

To top it off, the fuck-up cost Kenyon an extra $3,800 because the new visa didn't arrive in time for the family's flights. "It was a very expensive mistake, but I was hoping the U.S. embassy would realize that it was just a simple error without us having to jump through all the hoops," said Kenyon.

He added: "If you were a terrorist, I suspect you'd not be ticking 'Yes' on the ESTA form anyway."

HONG KONG HUSTLE

THE Hong Kong Stock Exchange and the Growth Enterprise Market have become a fertile ground for paper billionaires—people who, in a blink, became very rich when measured by the value of their stock holdings. But the nature of these sudden windfalls is raising eyebrows.

Take Wong Wing-wah, a former fishmonger turned civil-engineering firm founder whose company's stock soared 9,800 percent when the firm went public last year. He and a partner own nearly all the shares and are each now worth roughly $1 billion, yet their company, Luen Wong Group Holdings Ltd., reported only $1 million in profits last year.

How the hell is that supposed to add up? The answer: small-cap stocks, a totally sketchy part of Hong Kong finance. Nearly a dozen executives in just the past three years have seen their companies' share prices soar—usually for no apparent reason.

What's insane is executives and their companies haven't been accused of anything. What's not surprising is the flags it has raised for regulators who say these stocks are susceptible to manipulation, especially when there are hardly any shares left for the public.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / TOP LEFT: CHRISTOPHER HALL / TOP RIGHT: JOE PRACHATREE / BOTTOM: ZHU DIFENG

CRY ME A CONDO

SUTTON Place residents, a subspecies of spoiled asshole, are banding together in the exclusive Manhattan neighborhood to propose a rezoning plan aimed at stopping construction of a building, known as Sutton 58, that would be more than 700 feet tall (about 70 stories) and dwarf the nearby 460-foot-tall Sovereign, whose residents include Donald Trump Jr.

One particular missus is upset that the “several Pablo Picasso works that adorn her walls” would lose their ideal lighting. Residents wish to limit all future buildings to 260 feet.

“New Yorkers walk away from over-development, thinking there is nothing they can do. We’re done with that,” said city councilman Ben Kallos. But developer Jon Kalikow says this is specifically about “people who don’t want their views blocked.”

Poor Donnie Jr. might just have to get his views elsewhere.

BASELINES

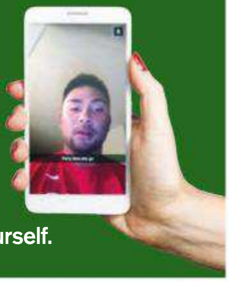
THERE’S been another illustration of why it’s better to remain on deck, social-media-wise, rather than step to the plate when you’re shitfaced or flying high on drugs. That goes double when you’re in the public eye.

This spring a Snapchat video surfaced showing Ian Kahaloa, a 19-year-old pitching prospect in the Cincinnati Reds farm league, snorting a big ol’ line of coke. This is Kahaloa’s second time testing positive for drugs, resulting in a 50-game suspension as part of the Minor League drug program put in place by Major League Baseball.

In the olden days, your friends would shave part of your head or draw a dick on your cheek with a Sharpie and then take a Polaroid. Now, the whole world can see your fuck-ups in a matter of seconds.

Kahaloa was filmed in a Reds T-shirt snorting white powder, and he then posted the video to his own Snapchat account. The ballplayer’s gaffe detonated when @Reds_1fan tweeted the video and fans of America’s Pastime all over the country were suddenly watching the young pitcher crush some lines.

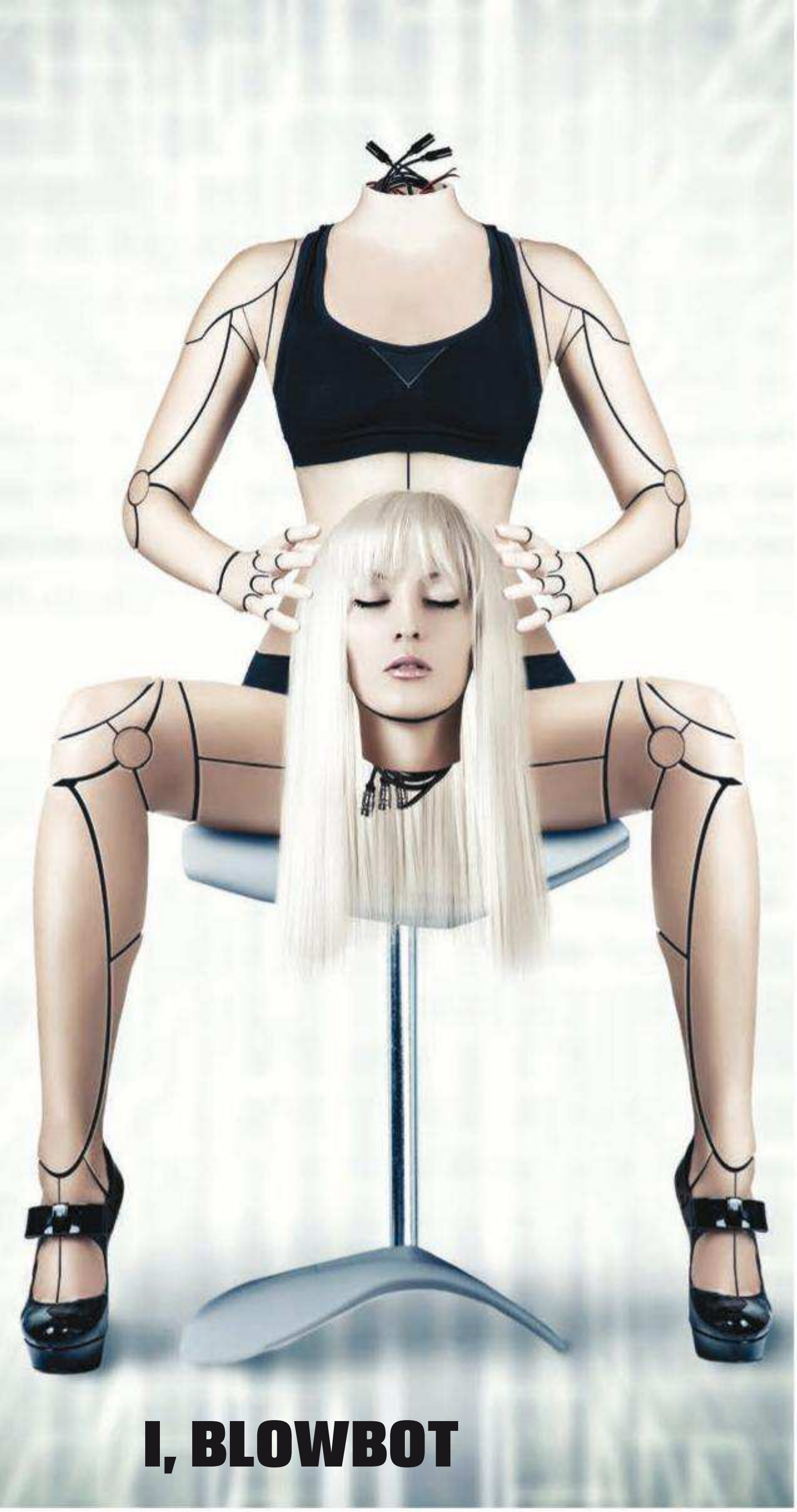
Hey, we’re all about everyone “living their best life” possible. But if you’re a prominent MLB prospect with a lucrative career in front of you, perhaps it's best to keep this shit to yourself.



DOUCHEBAG?

THE latest in absurdly expensive shit is the Balenciaga large shopper bag, which sells for $2,150. We would not be the first to observe it has a strikingly similar appearance to IKEA’s Frakta shopping bag, which sells for 99 cents. To be fair, the Balenciaga bag is in fact made of leather and the IKEA bag is plastic.

PHOTOS: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / TOP: T PHOTOGRAPHY / BOTTOM: COMPOSITE



I, BLOWBOT

JAPAN has gifted the world with a blowjob robot.

According to the manufacturer, "all it takes is a blanket folded over the body along with an outer clothing garment of your choice to create a model so realistic you will feel like another human is in the room with you."

If it's not creepy enough that you have to iron its hair or put it in a ponytail like a little girl's doll, take a listen to the guy's voice in the promotional video when he says, "an internal tubular system allows free flow of air that promotes unrestricted movement. The exit tube can be covered with a fingertip during use to provide toe-curling suction on demand."

Thanks Japan, for engineering a glorified electric pencil sharpener that can save us from chlamydia.

WHAT WAS RULE NO. 1 AGAIN?

FIGHT CLUB was, in essence, about a radical therapy for men to act out in an epic display of the primal, no-holds-barred rage that had been sucked out of their souls by consumerism—and a gay man, Chuck Palahniuk, wrote it. But what could be more straight and less punk than the way this concept has ultimately turned into yet another product to be consumed?

White-collar boxing has taken off over the past decade. Televised celebrity bouts likely helped spread it from the U.S. to other places around the world. The idea is simple: Men and women with day jobs are trained as boxers for a few weeks leading up to a three-round fight against someone of equal size and skill (which sounds about as exciting as watching paint dry).

While you may need a decent résumé for your white-collar job, there's no experience necessary to sign up for Fight Club Lite. Or, if you aren't afraid of having your teeth knocked out of your face, there are a few unregulated arenas you can join. Though the best ones are hard to find because they follow the rules: 1. You do not talk about Fight Club. 2. You DO NOT talk about Fight Club.

BREAKING BRAD

SO much for the reverse psychology of "hiding in plain sight." A California guy driving a white van with the words "SEX and DRUGS and ROCK n' roll" printed on its side was arrested after cops found meth, knives, $1,400 in cash, tear gas, baggies, and scales inside.

A Santa Cruz police officer noticed the brake lights were out on the beat-up Dodge Ram van, and when he ran the plates it came up as unregistered. The cop pulled the vehicle over and discovered the driver, Bradley Kellman, 60, had a suspended license from a past DUI conviction. The registration tags were also fake, police said.

Kellman was arrested on a slew of charges, including transporting, selling, and possessing methamphetamine. But in our book, he's guilty of being a fucking moron.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / RIGHT: KATALINKS/ LEFT: RANGIZZZ

OHH. MY. LAWD.

VINNY Ohh, 22, a makeup artist from Los Angeles, has spent at least $50,000 on over 110 procedures to transform himself into a “genderless” extraterrestrial. To fully hatch his alien plan, Vinny the Visitor hopes to have his genitals, nipples, and belly button removed next.

“I want to be a sexless alien being,” Ohh said. “I don’t see why I shouldn’t have my genitals completely removed and have nothing down there.” Well, urinating for one thing, but sure.

After growing up feeling like an outcast, Ohh began his fantastic voyage with lip fillers at the tender age of 17, later followed by two rhinoplastic procedures, multiple bone fillers for the cheeks and brow, and more. For full alien immersion, the part-time model also wears large black contact lenses, talons, and dyes his hair bright colors.

Ohh eventually became an LGBTQ activist and feels like his look now represents his beliefs that “people shouldn’t be labeled.” Speaking of his transformation, he said, “I do it to inspire the world in a certain way, I want people to stop labeling others or putting them in boxes.”

No labels, unless you’re a sexless alien. “I do kind of look like a Martian. When people ask me how I’d label myself, I tell them I’m an ‘extraterrestrial, hot mess, self-obsessed.’ It’s becoming my slogan.”

When out in public, Ohh’s unusual appearance draws a lot of attention. “Some people absolutely love me, see me as a celebration, and give a lot of compliments,” he explained. “I don’t look real and they love it. Some have said they want their kids to be like me and that I’m an inspiration for children who don’t feel like they belong. Other times I’ve had shopping carts chucked at me.”

Well, whatever the fuck you are, you’re Ohh-kay by us.

BUTT SERIOUSLY

MOONING the digital world from the most beautiful places on Earth is one of the latest trends to hit Instagram.

With the tagline “Spread the love!” and a simple mission of “making the world happier through butts,” the account was started by Cheeky Exploits, which had almost 200,000 followers as of press time, and a few hundred photos of (mostly) comely buttocks in (mostly) beautiful locales: a beach in Hawaii, the Golden Gate Bridge, the London Underground, an escalator in Paris, the ski slopes of Mont Blanc.

In a country run by a total ass, the literal ass is so much better, don’t you think?

PHOTOS: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / TOP: LAZYLLAMA / BOTTOM: HALAY ALEX

TURN ON, TUNE IN, PUNCH OUT

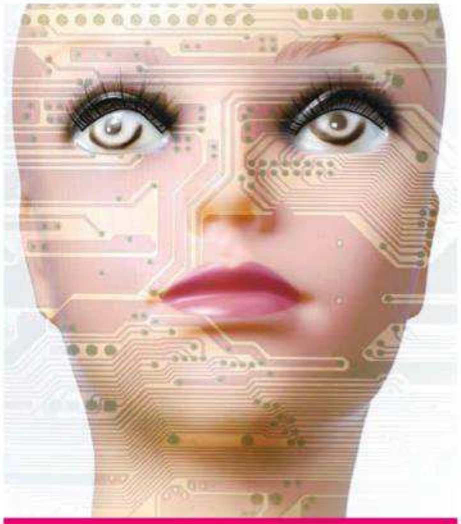
YOUNG professionals in Silicon Valley increasingly insist that microdosing—taking minimal amounts of psychedelics, such as the mescaline found in the peyote cactus—keeps them in the zone at work.

Silicon Valley has a storied history of psychedelic drug use to ramp up creativity: Steve Jobs and Bill Gates both famously experimented with LSD. And now there's scientific evidence backing up the notion that hallucinogenics can raise consciousness and induce mind-opening states.

Researchers at the University of Sussex and Imperial College, London, published a study in *Scientific Reports* demonstrating that when volunteers ingested small doses of LSD, ketamine, or psilocybin—the magic in magic mushrooms—brain scans showed increased signal diversity. Neurons began firing and making connections; these connections showed an unpredictability, or lack of constraints, which the researchers translate as a state of openness and enriched consciousness.

At high doses, LSD powerfully alters perception, mood, and a host of cognitive processes. A microdose of LSD consists of about a tenth of a recreational dose (around 10-20 micrograms), which is usually not potent enough to cause hallucinations. Instead, it's reported to heighten alertness, energy, and creativity. Microdosing LSD also purportedly enhances overall well-being, helping to reduce stress and anxiety while improving sleep and leading to healthier habits.

Sounds good to us, but remember to keep your on-the-job drug antics off the Facebooks.



HER IRL

IT turns out the 2013 movie *Her* starring Joaquin Phoenix wasn't much of stretch. A new study in the U.K. of more than a thousand tech users found that 26 percent of them (though it's not clear how many were men or women) fantasize about fucking their voice assistant such as Alexa, Siri, or Cortana.

Beyond sex and fantasy, the study also found that 37 percent of these techpervs "love their voice assistant so much that they wish it were a real person." Voice assistants with artificial intelligence are in a white heat of development as Silicon Valley behemoths like Amazon, Google, Apple, and Microsoft are dumping hundreds of millions into making their voice assistants as humanlike as possible.

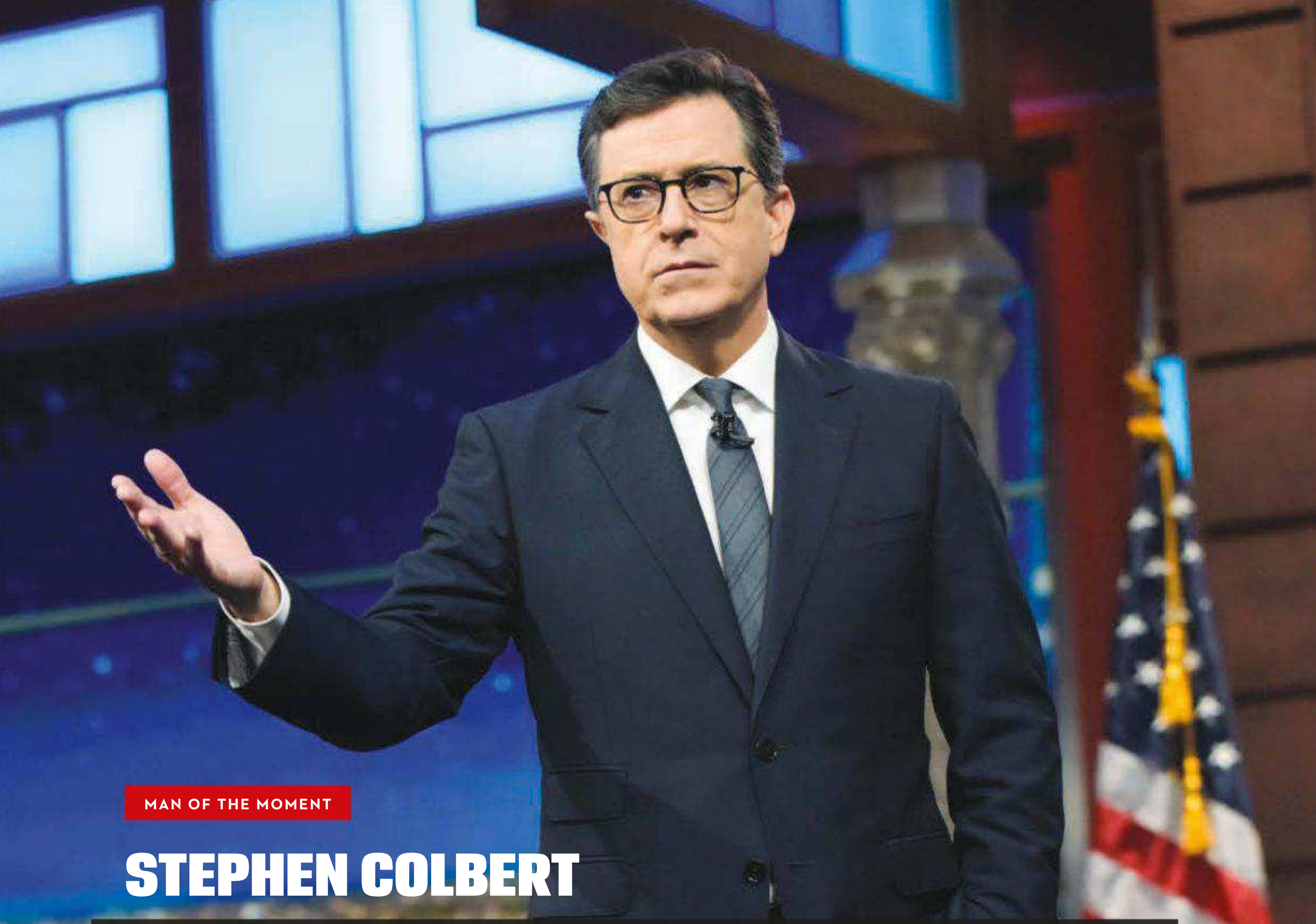
Seeing as how geeky male virgins who have never even seen a pussy are their base, it's probably the reason tech companies use female voices and names. The next generation of voice assistants are poised to take on roles so significant they will effectively be personal or administrative assistants.

Nearly a third of the people in the study said a future where their voice assistants make suggestions, anticipate their needs, and take action can't get here soon enough.

Welcome to the singularity, bitches!

PHOTOS: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / LEFT: VACLAV VOLRAB/ RIGHT: CSABA DELI

RIPNDIP



MAN OF THE MOMENT

STEPHEN COLBERT

BACK in early May, Stephen Colbert dropped a bomb.

No, not an F-bomb, and yes, the word he uttered was not only bleeped for viewers of *The Late Show* on CBS (and for subsequent watchers of the clip, which went viral), but the mouth he used to utter it was briefly blurred so no one could lip-read.

Still, it caused an uproar, with some viewers and media types getting their panties in a twist (or at least pretending to–more on that in a moment). And things escalated when the chairman of the FCC–the government hall monitor charged with penalizing "obscene, indecent, or profane" content on TV and radio–said that they were evaluating Colbert's remark after receiving citizen complaints.

"We are going to apply the law as it's been set out by the Supreme Court and other courts and we'll take the appropriate action," said FFC chairman (and weirdly proud owner of a giant Reeses coffee mug) Ajit Pai.

Oh, the word Colbert spoke? *Cock.*

But it wasn't just the word that riled people up and got the feds involved. It was the accompanying joke, part of a stand-up bit in which Colbert riffed, blisteringly, on President Trump's interview with John Dickerson of CBS's *Face the Nation,* an interview cut short by Trump, but not before he insulted Dickerson's Sunday morning show.

"The only thing your mouth is good for," said Colbert, addressing Trump directly and having already couched the lacerating bite of his monologue as a reaction to Trump's treatment of his CBS colleague, "is being Vladimir Putin's cock holster."

Cue the #FireColbert quick-trending hashtag.

Among conservative media reactions, the least convincing slams came from those accusing Colbert of homophobia–unconvincing because most of his accusers had previously been trash talkers of gay rights, "victim culture," and "snowflake" sensitivity. The most lucid arguments on the right contended that Colbert risks losing stature as a critic of what he perceives as Trump's coarsening of politics if he himself goes cock-joke low.

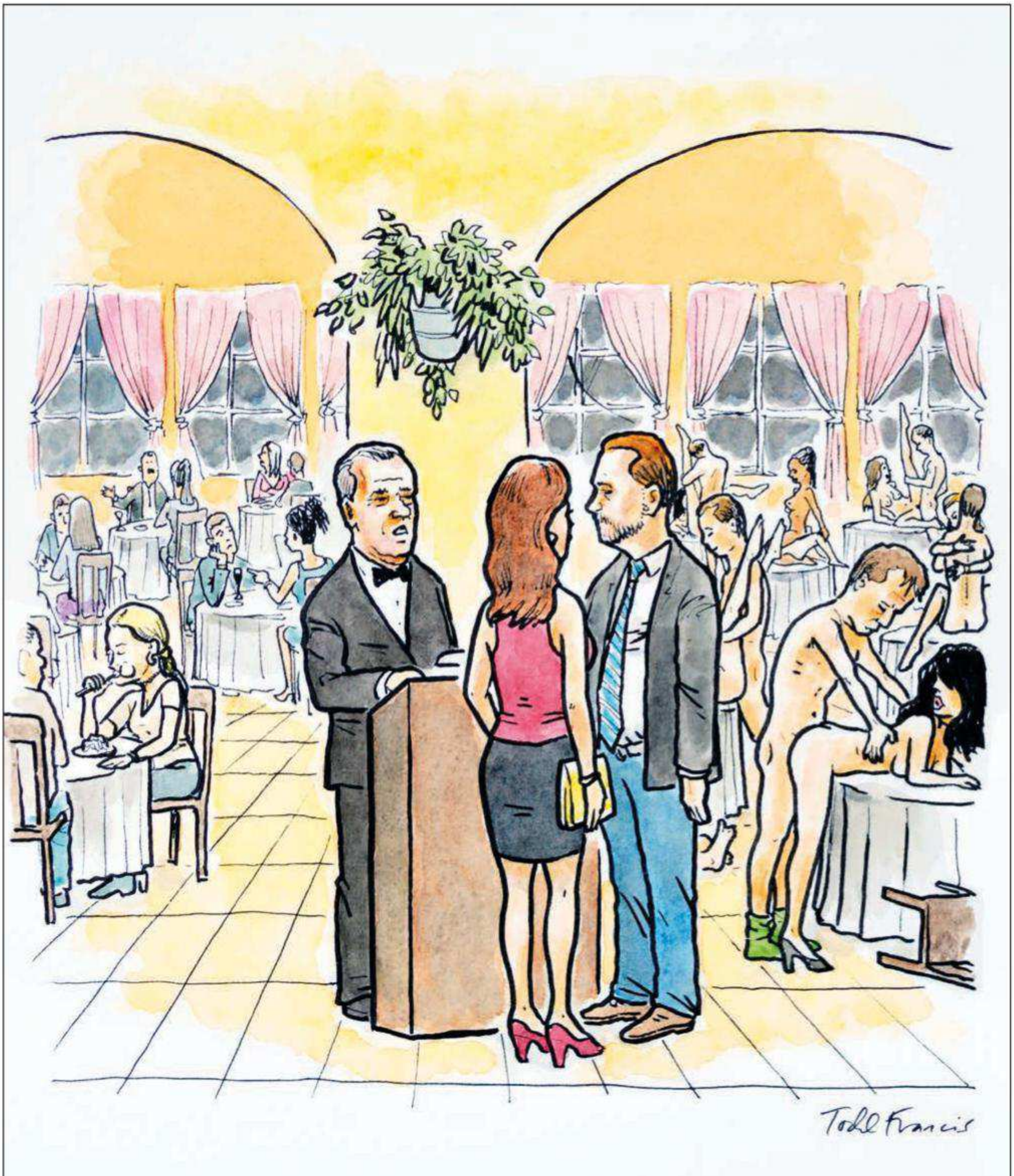
The Emmy-winning comedian's response two days later?

"I would change a few words that were cruder than they needed to be," said this devout Catholic, Sunday school teacher, and father of three, after stating he didn't regret the thrust of the remarks. Sarcasm followed: "Life is short, and anyone who expresses their love for another person, in their own way, is to me, an American hero."

Will the 53-year-old tone it down? Doubtful. After a sluggish first year as late-night successor to David Letterman, Colbert has come into his own, his style a mix of quicksilver wit (of course), affable authenticity, and fearless political sting–and people are tuning in.

Not long after Trump was inaugurated, *The Late Show* dethroned Jimmy Fallon's *The Tonight Show* as late-night ratings leader. We expect a hot summer of the South Carolina-raised Colbert–in his monologues, at his desk, and speaking truth. Rave on, Dr. Colbert. Rave on.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / CBS PHOTO ARCHIVE


Todd Francis

"Would you prefer the fucking or non-fucking section?"

PHOTO: CARA ROBBINS

CRUSH

BROOKE WORREL

LOS ANGELES-based designer and owner of Hell Bent Leather, Brooke Worrel, is in her prime. The 35-year-old has been building a name for herself in the rock world, outfitting a slew of iconic artists and bands, including a few whose music she used to blast in her bedroom as a teenager. On top of her customized pieces, Worrel maintains a unique line of leather chaps, chokers, bustiers, and fringed jackets for all the beautiful scum of L.A.

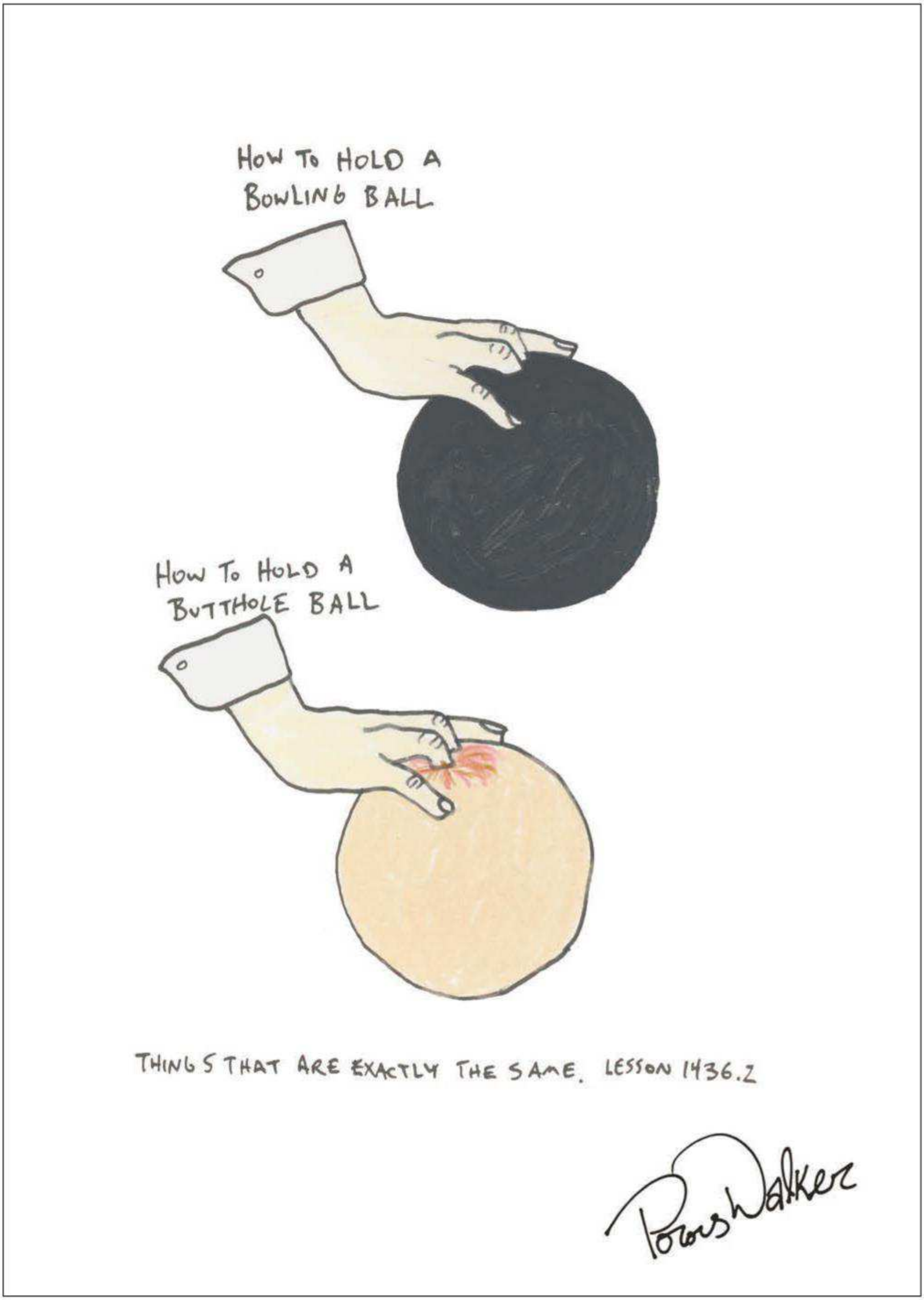
Before she went solo with Hell Bent, Worrel apprenticed under celebrity leather designer Agatha Blois. "I've always been obsessed with the perfect leather jacket," says Worrel. "But I didn't know I wanted to work with leather until I met Agatha and realized that I could make it with my own two hands."

Blois took a chance on Worrel and decided to mentor her. Worrel worked as an assistant in Blois's L.A. studio, eventually helping her construct custom leather pieces for high-profile entertainers such as Iggy Pop, Britney Spears, Steven Tyler, Shakira, and Billy Idol, to name a few. Blois herself has been the go-to girl for rock-star leather ever since Guns N' Roses frontman Axl Rose commissioned her to recreate a vest she was sporting backstage at a show in New York City.

Following in her mentor's footsteps, Worrel secured her first clients when Rose's bandmates Slash and Duff McKagan came calling. The rockers asked her to design custom guitar straps and stage outfits for the GNR reunion tour that kicked off at Coachella 2016. Soon after, Metallica frontman James Hetfield put in an order and Worrel's inner teen did a little victory dance.

Don't think that you have to be someone who's played a stadium of 50,000 to add something from Hell Bent Leather to your wardrobe. Fact is, you don't even need to like leather—Worrel works in denim, too. She'll outfit anyone who gives a shit about finding that perfect leather or denim jacket that fits like a glove.

PUTZING AROUND *By Porous Walker*


HOW TO HOLD A BOWLING BALL
HOW TO HOLD A BUTTHOLE BALL
THINGS THAT ARE EXACTLY THE SAME. LESSON 1436.2
Porous Walker

FILM

GUILTY PLEASURES

FILMS THAT HURT US SO GOOD.

BY SARAH WALKER

FETISHES are pretty specific and movies are pretty fucking expensive—which means that movies about fetishes need to be pretty goddamn good, or push the envelope far enough that people will pay to witness the spectacle, like a good car wreck. (For this so-called fetish, check out David Cronenberg's 1997 film *Crash*—if you can find it.)

Here are some of our favorite celluloid teasers and tormenters, so you can live recklessly from the comfort of your couches.

> ***Some Like It Hot*** (1959)

Not exactly a "fetish" film, Billy Wilder's campy classic brought crossdressing into the mainstream. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon play two hard-luck jazz musicians who witness a mob killing. Dressed in drag, they go on the lam with an all-female orchestra, and sex bomb Marilyn Monroe is the band's singer and ukulele player. As Curtis later described their characters, Lemmon played the ditzy "20-cent tart," while Curtis was more of a lady—"very grand, like my mother or Grace Kelly." The film was nominated for six Academy Awards, though the Catholic Church's National Legion of Decency condemned it on the grounds that it "promoted homosexuality, lesbians, and transvestism." Huzzah!

> ***The Night Porter*** (1974)

Hugely controversial when it was released, this sick cinematic nugget is about a concentration camp survivor (a baby-faced Charlotte Rampling) who reconnects with her ex-torturer/lover, a former SS officer (Dirk Bogarde) who now works as a night porter in a Viennese hotel. The film is shockingly perverse (some critics called it "Nazisploitation"), and explores different fetishistic behaviors: S&M, Stockholm syndrome, and even a hint of pedophilia (he calls her "Little Girl"). You may even recognize its most famous scene, where Rampling performs a cabaret act—topless and in arm-length gloves, suspenders, trousers, and a military cap—for a roomful of Nazi officers.

> ***Cruising*** (1980)

Al Pacino is a young cop who goes undercover, searching for a serial killer who preys on gay men in the S&M club scene. Directed by William Friedkin (*The French Connection, The Exorcist*), it's a vivid slice of late-seventies New York, when the pre-AIDS gay culture dominated the West Village. It's an odd film that shocked moviegoers and enraged gay communities when it came out, but it's a fascinating look back at a city and subculture that are all but unrecognizable today. Pacino is superb as a straight man submerged in the hard-core world of basement clubs, poppers, leather face masks, and lubed-up fists.

> ***9 1/2 Weeks*** (1986)

Adrian Lyne's S&M classic is unavoidable on a list like this. It's quintessential eighties New York: Wall Street excess, steam-filled streets, young Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger as leads—what's not to like? Rourke plays John, a commodities broker who introduces Elizabeth (Basinger), a Soho art gallery assistant, to the erotic joys of blindfolds, ice cubes, crossdressing, domination and submission, and really good sex. Some of its more famous scenes now look like parodies of 80s music videos, but we can't help but hold a torch for this film, and the fun, sexy, good-looking time capsule that it is.

> ***Bitter Moon*** (1992)

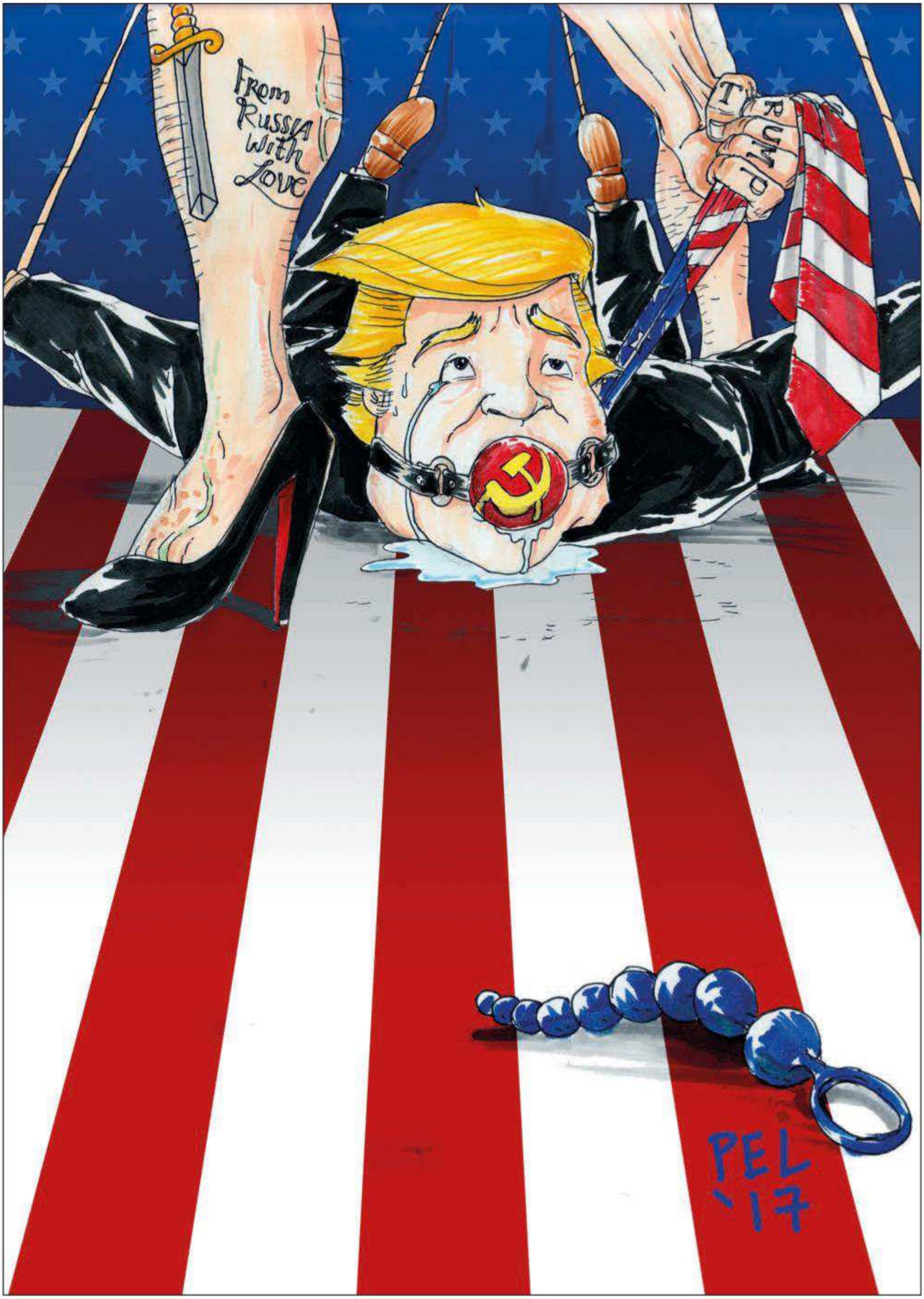
This delicious art-house film by Roman Polanski got a limited release in the U.S. (where tight-assed critics panned it for being "lurid"), which is a shame, because it's a wild, naughty blast. Nigel (Hugh Grant) and Fiona (Kristin Scott Thomas) are a proper English couple aboard an ocean liner where they meet a cantankerous paraplegic writer named Oscar (Peter Coyote), who bends Nigel's ear about his sordid relationship with the gorgeous Mimi (Emmanuelle Seigner, Polanski's wife). Through Nigel, we go on an exhilarating romp through Paris, serving as witness to an affair so passionate and sadistic it leaves Oscar paralyzed.

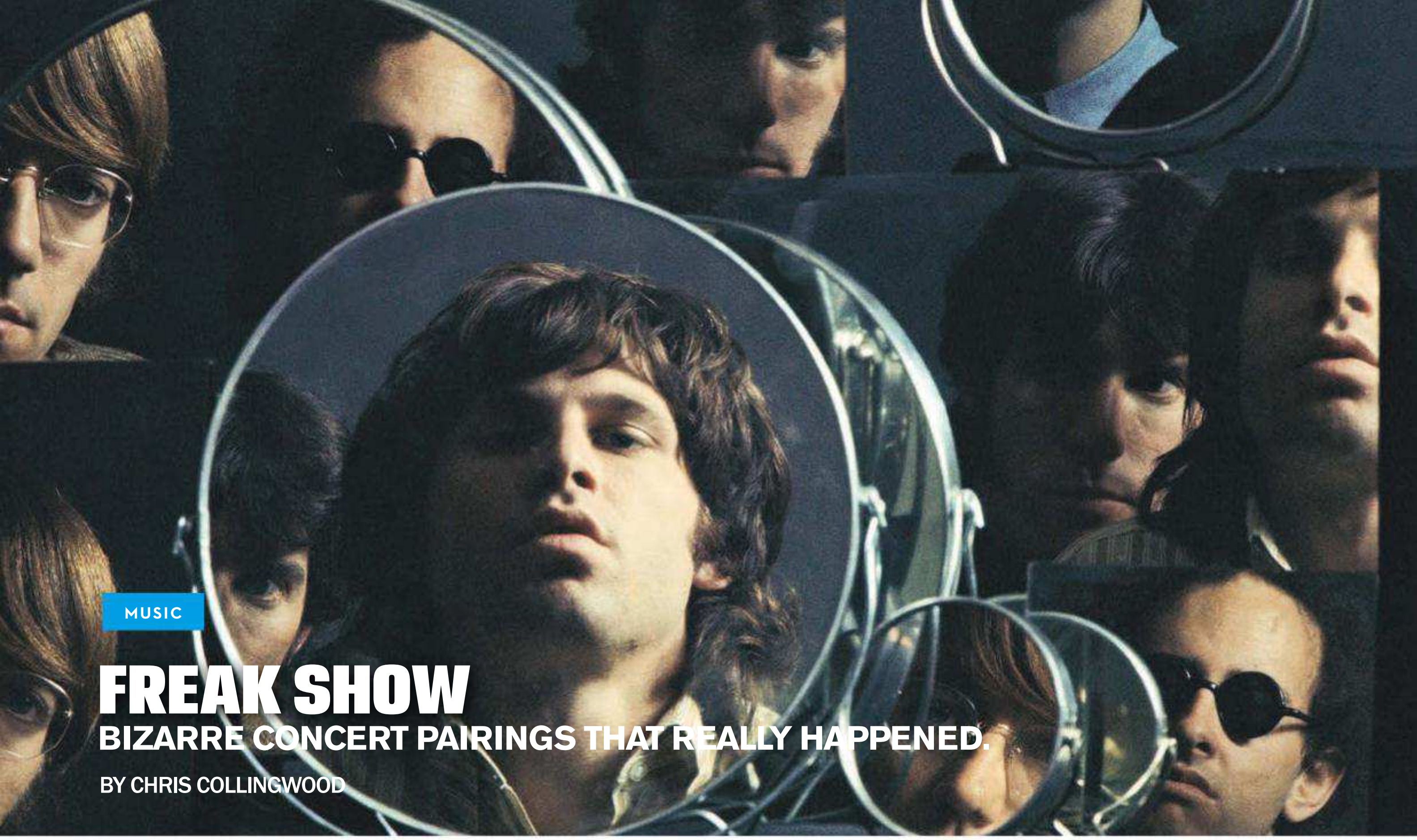
> ***Secretary*** (2002)

Lee (Maggie Gyllenhaal) is a socially awkward loner recently released from a mental hospital. She's hired as a secretary by an obsessive lawyer, Edward Grey (James Spader), who introduces his submissive employee to bondage and role-play. Nominated for a Golden Globe (it also won several awards), this smart, playful, stylized film gives the tiresome *Fifty Shades* franchise a run for its money. It's a peculiar concept that somehow works: a feel-good S&M fairy tale with—spoiler alert—a happy ending.

SARAH WALKER, a long suffering employee of Penthouse, was a film writer and Sundance correspondent for Fangoria magazine.

PHOTO: PHOTOFEST


From
Russia
with
Love
TRUMP
PEL
'17



MUSIC

FREAK SHOW

BIZARRE CONCERT PAIRINGS THAT REALLY HAPPENED.

BY CHRIS COLLINGWOOD

YOUR booking agent is on the phone and he wants you to play a gig in East Bumfuck, Iowa, opening up for some band you never heard of. You Google them and watch two-thirds of a slick video of some young Abercrombie types who sound like Creed playing Night Ranger, which inexplicably has more than two million views. The gig pays shit but they're a big draw, and your agent reminds you that even Jimi Hendrix once opened for the Monkees. And he's right. In 1967, the Jimi Hendrix Experience had already charted in the U.K. but had yet to make a dent in the U.S. market. The Monkees were fans of Hendrix and they were big enough at the time to play arenas. Why not?

As it turns out, that tour didn't go so well. Teenage Monkees fans were rude to Hendrix (they wanted Davveeey) and by all accounts he returned the favor, flipping off the audience and quitting mid-tour. Whether you view this as a cautionary tale or a lesson in humility probably depends on what type of person you are. And though this episode is industry folklore, rock history is full of similar head-scratchers. Here are some doozies:

1982: U2 / the J. Geils Band

The J. Geils Band slogged around Boston for years and by 1982 had accumulated an ardent fan base of alcoholic frat boys. Bono, then 22, mid-mullet but pre-messiah complex, surely second-guessed his own stage name after meeting their harmonica player, "Magic Dick." U2 would go on to conquer the world, of course, while in April 2017, the world would conquer J. Geils.

2012: Kool and the Gang / Van Halen

As Robert "Kool" Bell said, "We had big hits in the 80s, and so did they." And with David Lee Roth's return, this was guaranteed to be a straight-up nostalgia tour—certainly for hardcore fans of both acts (like me!), undoubtedly for a lot of people whose favorite music genre is "Reminds Me of High School."

1967: Glen Campbell / the Doors

Glen Campbell made a squeaky-clean name for himself as both a part-time Beach Boy and a member of the seminal session band the Wrecking Crew. 1967 saw his first huge solo success, but I'm guessing he hadn't yet peaked when someone talked him into supporting the Doors for a few dates in the Pacific Northwest. Campbell hated the gig, and for good reason: It was only 1967. It would be many years before he would ingest enough drugs to enjoy the Doors.

1973: Cheech & Chong / the Rolling Stones

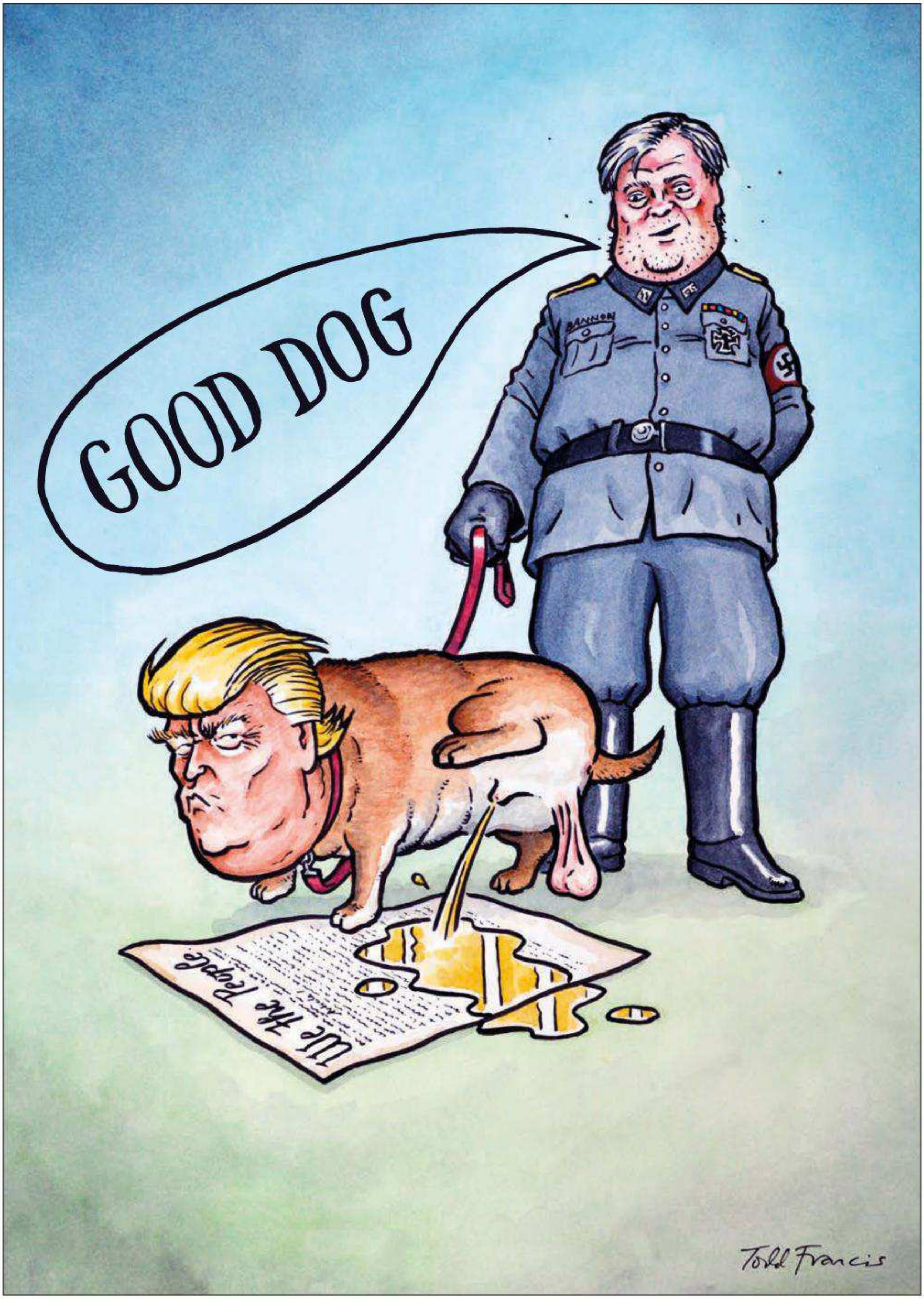
At one time it was more common for comedy acts to open rock shows. But if your opening act does slapstick about drugs, and your band has Keith Richards in it, how do you possibly ignore the elephant in the room? I give Cheech & Chong a lot of credit for not simply turning the gig into a celebrity roast.

1969-present: Sha Na Na / Just About Everyone

I'll say it: Doo-wop is a blight on American history. Imagine growing up in an era where literally every song featured the exact same chord progression, and it's easy to see why the subsequent generation turned to hard rock and LSD. Like *Hogan's Heroes,* Sha Na Na was an affectionate homage to something horrific that had only recently happened. Inconceivably, Sha Na Na managed to share the stage with, among others, the Kinks, John Lennon, the Grateful Dead, and Bruce Springsteen. They were the penultimate act at Woodstock, preceding...Jimi Hendrix. And they're still going, thanks to a Menudo-style revolving-door lineup that virtually guarantees their awful legacy will outlive your great grandchildren.

CHRIS COLLINGWOOD is a singer, songwriter, and cofounder of the rock group Fountains of Wayne. His new band, Look Park, released their eponymous debut in 2016.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / MARK AND COLLEEN HAYWARD


GOOD DOG
BANNON
We the People
Todd Francis

GAMING

FRESH MEAT: *TEKKEN 7*

Bandai Namco Entertainment Inc. (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

LEATHER-clad she-spies, jackhammering cyborgs, Asian schoolgirls, Native American princesses, kitty-costumed furries—*Tekken* 7 has a fighter for every fetish (yep, even paunchy Parrotheads swilling margaritas). The franchise roster is larger than ever, full of goofy new characters and old standbys to celebrate *Tekken*'s 20th anniversary as gaming's something-for-everybody 3-D fighting series. (It's easier to pick up than *Soulcalibur,* less hard-core than *Street Fighter,* and easier on the stomach than *Mortal Kombat.*) Thanks to the visual boost of the Unreal Engine, you can now make out the stitches on the kitty girl's thigh-highs and beads of sweat on the new Brazilian chick's booty. New players will come for the nubile bodies; series stalwarts will stay for the cinematic story line steeped in the conflict of the Mishima clan, among the most fetishized characters in videogames (careful how deeply you plumb the "Tekken yaoi"—it's a Google rabbit hole).

Despite chaotic action and effects designed for the Ritalin generation, *Tekken* 7's gameplay is built on the series' simple foundations. Players who've devoted too much long-term memory space to the jabs, kicks, throws, and combos of their old characters will find everything in its right place. New players can start with several beginner-friendly combatants and work their way through the story until they're ready to beat their heads against the online one-on-one modes (not for the faint of heart). Spectacular new "Rage Arts" level the playing field for newbies by unleashing simple-to-perform supermoves that come online after you've taken enough of a pounding (i.e., when you're sucking ass). Each character's "Rage Drive," on the other hand, requires practice and finesse but leaves opponents reeling and open to 20-hit combos. Like all *Tekken* games, though, this latest incarnation plays just fine with the old slap-every-button-and-see-what-happens approach. Just try to look like you know what you're doing instead of spazzing around the arena.

BUM FIGHTS: WORST. FIGHTING GAMES. EVER.

> 4 <

KABUKI WARRIORS

(Xbox, 2001)

Wearing makeup and dressing in fine gowns, the samurai Shakespeares in this froufrou fighter only pretend to disembowel opponents for the sake of a sake-chugging audience that showers good theater with coins. Gamers had no patience for the pageantry. They pretended not to buy it—for real.

> 3 <

SHAQ FU

(Super NES, Genesis, 1994)

Mutant from another planet and NBA all-star Shaquille O'Neal walks into a Tokyo dojo and slips into a vaguely ancient-Egyptian-themed alternate universe where he uses the same flaming roundhouse kick ad nauseam to persevere. *Shaq Fu* is so bad it's almost good (there's actually a sequel in the works).

> 2 <

PIT FIGHTER

(Arcade, 1990)

Two beefcakes enter, one beefcake leaves in this pioneering fighting game featuring motion-captured digitized actors two years before *Mortal Kombat* perfected the technology. But while MK's kombatants actually rip out each other's organs, *Pit Fighter's* fighters paw and kick like kids who watch too many Ninja Turtles flicks.

> 1 <

3D BALLZ

(Super NES, Genesis, 1994)

The last gasp of the 2-D consoles, *3D Ballz: The Battle of the Balls* stars vaguely humanoid combatants composed entirely of balls that just sort of bounce into each other on-screen. Perhaps no other old-school game convinced players to just save up for the new (at the time) PlayStation and play *Tekken* already.

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BOOKS

ROUGH TEXT

By Dave Carnie

The Hidden Life of Trees
By Peter Wohlleben
Greystone Books

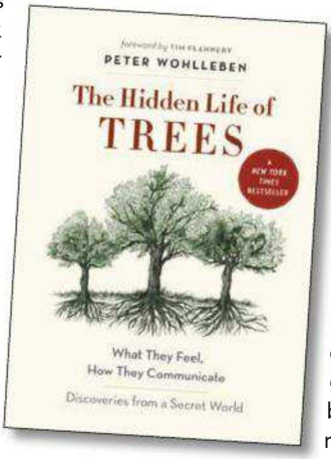
“IT seems the trees can count!” writes Peter Wohlleben in this astounding yet utterly boring book about trees. (I’m not sure how something can be astounding and boring at the same time, but Wohlleben has a peculiar talent for it. Which is fascinating in itself.)

But, wait. Trees can count? Well, how high can they count?

They can count to tree. One, two, tree.

Sorry. I was very proud of that joke when I committed it to paper late one night, but seeing it now in the light of day….

Counting is an interesting process. The first time I really thought about it was while reading *Molloy, Malone Dies,* and *The Unnamable* by Samuel Beckett. Early in the trilogy, Molloy discusses the process he developed for communicating with a deaf, blind woman, who may or may not be his mother, by knocking on her skull. One knock meant yes, two no, three I don’t know, four money, five goodbye.



“That she should confuse yes, no, I don’t know, and goodbye, was all the same to me,” he wrote, “I confused them myself. But that she should associate the four knocks with anything but money was something to be avoided at all costs.”

So he would stick a bank note under her nose or in her mouth when he would administer the four knocks. Unfortunately he didn’t consider how deteriorated her memory was when he chose four knocks as the symbol for money.

“In the innocence of my heart!” Molloy exclaimed. “For she seemed to have lost, if not absolutely all notion of mensuration, at least the faculty of counting beyond two. It was too far for her, yes, the distance was too great from one to four. By the time she came to the fourth knock she imagined she was only at the second, the first two having been erased from her memory as completely as if they had never been felt, though I don’t quite see how something never felt can be erased from the memory, and yet it is a common occurrence. She must have thought I was saying no to her all the time, whereas nothing was further from my purpose.”

In short, counting requires memory. And if trees can count (fruit trees are able to distinguish the difference between the arrival of spring and a warm spell in January by counting the number of warm days), then that means they have memory. Memory requires storage, so where are trees storing their memories? Do trees have brains? Do they think?

There is much debate on the subject, but there is ample evidence to suggest they do. Trees are able to “talk” and communicate with each other through chemical messengers that travel through underground networks of fungi (many of the processes in our own bodies are regulated by chemical messengers), but for there to be a brain with thinking going on, electrical impulses need to be present. And they are. Scientists have been measuring electrical signals in trees since the nineteenth century, but researchers are skeptical about whether this means trees and plants have repositories for intelligence, memory, and emotion.

I have, through my own personal research, arrived at the conclusion that trees are in fact intelligent and can talk and even listen. (The Ents are real.) I know because I was on acid this one time and I had a very long conversation with a small tree next to a payphone in front of a liquor store in San Luis Obispo. I remember the pay phone rang at one point in the middle of our conversation. I answered it and was surprised to find the young tree’s mother on the other end.

“Oh, hello, Mrs. Tree. Yes, hold on a second, let me see if he’s around,” I said. I covered the receiver and whispered to my little friend, “It’s your mom.” The little tree seemed a little bummed, but indicated, yes, fine, let me talk to her. So I held the receiver up to its ear.

Yes, trees can hear, too. Researchers in Australia discovered that grain seedlings’ roots quietly crackled at a frequency of 220 hertz. Plants generating sound waves is bizarre to begin with, but then the scientists noticed that nearby seedling roots not involved in the experiment were reacting to the sounds.

“Whenever the seedlings’ roots were exposed to a crackling at 220 hertz, they oriented their tips in that direction. That means the grasses were registering this frequency, so it makes sense to say they ‘heard’ it.”

Da fuck? As if we don’t have enough to worry about already. The government is spying us, phone companies are eavesdropping on our conversations, microwaves are filming us (?), Google is collecting our data, hackers are stealing our identities, the Russians have brainwashed a large swathe of the population–and all this time trees have been listening to us, too?

The information contained in this little work is remarkable, life-changing even, but it also now makes reading books a little problematic–and a book about trees, printed on paper, is especially awkward. It’s sort of like reading a book about us printed on human baloney.

DAVE CARNIE is a sultry, sexy redhead who loves horseback riding.

IMAGE: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / DAVE ALLEN PHOTOGRAPHY

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ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

BY CHRIS NIERATKO

1 / Luv Ryder $70

My son, like all children, wants a pony. But unlike most kids, my 7-year-old boy has an IQ of 150, which makes it difficult to dismiss him with easily disputed "alternative facts" about how expensive it is to feed and stable a pony.

"My research shows that horses eat roughly $100 to $300 worth of hay a month," he recently explained. "That number drops significantly if we let him eat the grass in the backyard. That would save you time cutting the lawn, which you hate, and we spend more than $100 every time we go out to dinner. If we ate out one less time a month we could more than afford a pony."

Once I wrapped my head around how much cheaper my life would be if I was a horse, I attempted to explain our housing problem, but he wasn't having it. He said, "You pay $1,300 a month in property tax as it is! Having a horse won't increase that number. And it's cheaper than having another child."

"I had a vasectomy!" I yelled. "We're not having another child regardless. And how the hell do you know what my taxes are?!"

Ignoring the question, he responded, "My point is, we already have the fence, the yard, and an empty shed for the horse to sleep in. We're basically a horse farm without a horse."

I just stared at his cute, innocent little face knowing he was right; we totally could afford a horse. But it was my job to explain to him that he wasn't getting a horse. I needed to find equally soul-crushing words as the lies that had been told to me and every other kid since the dawn of time.

Then his mother walked in the room, and it dawned on me…. I smiled and thanked her. I looked at the boy and said, "Son, we already have a horse." Before he could respond I ran to the bedroom, grabbed the Luv Ryder harness from under the bed, and brought it out to show him.

"See," I began, as I slid his mother's arms into the straps over her clothes and pulled her close from behind, "After you go to bed, I ride Mommy around the house like a pony AND IT IS SO MUCH FUN! Someday you'll buy your own house and pay your own taxes and take your own family out to dinner, and when you do I'll pass this riding harness down to you and you can pretend to be a cowboy and ride your own pony just like me. Until then? No horses."

He said nothing, his jaw hanging low as he looked at us in disgust, trying to shake the image I'd painted from his head.

Rating: 9 luvryder.com

2 / Stinger-Kink's Official Zapper $35

Each year for Christmas, I decorate my house with so many lights that the Griswolds look like energy conservationists in comparison. Thanks to a few hundred thousand lights, you can see my home from outer space on Google Earth.

Despite having ten years of membership in the Holiday Home Lighting Guild (HHLG), I know nothing about electricity. Each holiday season I electrocute myself no less than ten times, sometimes even knocking myself out. I'm lucky I haven't fried myself to death yet.

I have a very modest house with a typical single 140-amp service. I'm told by my electrician friends that if I want my Christmas lights to stop tripping the breaker, I need to stop piggybacking on my wife's washer and dryer and instead upgrade to two, if not three, 140-amp units. The president of my HHLG local has five 140-amp services that run dusk till dawn, Black Friday to Three Kings' Day. I'm told his electric bill is no less than $6,000 during those 44 days.

This past year, I attempted to splice a line of lights together while the power was still on. I was unknowingly standing in a puddle of water. When I came to, I decided I'm pretty much over the annual near-death experiences; something about it really harshes my Christmas spirit.

Thankfully, the most trusted name in fetish porn, Kink.com, offers a full line of anal toys, dildos, and BDSM gear, including the Stinger cattle-prod-style electro-play wand. The Stinger sparks when it makes contact with human flesh but doesn't actually send a current into the body, allowing me to enjoy all the PTSD of house lighting without any of the pain or risk.

Rating: 11 **kink.com**

3 / The Dragon's Tongue / The Dragon Muzzle $65 to $140

I spent most of my twenties drooling all over myself and nodding out while chasing the dragon. (Drugs are fun but drugs are bad, m'kay?) It wasn't until recently, some two decades later, that I realized the error of my ways.

Instead of wasting all those years searching for opiates, I could have been fucking the dragon with Bad Dragon's Dragon Muzzle (which I like to believe feels like an actual dragon's mouth). It's safe to say there's a fetish for nearly everything under the sun, and our friends at Bad Dragon do a wonderful job of aiding the sci-fi and Dungeons & Dragons crowd with their sexual proclivities by offering some of the most unique and exciting insertable and penetrable toys on the market.

This his-n-hers dragon set is perfect for the classic *Lord of the Rings* masturbation game, The Precious Stroke, where viewers sit through all ten-plus hours of the trilogy and rub one out each time Gollum says, "My precious." Bad Dragon's dongs and mouths have the best feels of any toys my wife and I have ever come across. And even after hearing Gollum say the magic word a hundred times in an afternoon, we still wanted more. My wife went so far as to permanently store away the rest of her toys and tell me she only needs one dildo to rule them all: the Dragon's Tongue.

Rating: 11 **bad-dragon.com**

4 / Chastity Head Cage $69

The Chastity Head Cage might be the greatest gift any man over the age of 18 can buy himself; I only wish I'd known about it sooner so I could've avoided decades of agony.

The eco-friendly, nickel-free, polished-steel pecker protector is basically the only thing any fellow needs to live a long, happy existence. By locking your cock away, it eliminates the possibility of STDs and the need for contraception and/or pesky, unwanted babies, all while beautifying an otherwise disgusting landscape.

To avoid such a depressing fate, my advice to younger readers is this: Throw your dick in a Chastity cage, wear it forever, and save yourself a world of hurt and headaches.

Rating: 12 **pipedream.com**

CHRIS NIERATKO is the author of VICE media's Skinema, the only porn-review book in history that fails to review any videos.

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

THE NOT-SO-PRIVATE LIFE OF CHUCK BERRY.

ROCK legend Chuck Berry died this past March, and in a remembrance posted on Facebook, Rolling Stones guitarist Keith Richards called him a “private man.” Precisely what he means by this is anyone’s guess, because throughout Berry’s career, many very private parts of his private life were thrust into the public spotlight.

Considering what we now know about Berry and his sexual proclivities, it’s fitting (albeit unfortunate) that his only No. 1 hit was 1972’s “My Ding-a-Ling,” a song whose unambiguous double entendre caused controversy when it was released. Many radio stations refused to play it—though it’s not clear if that’s because the song is about a dick, or because it’s ten minutes too long, and just plain dumb.

Even though Berry’s real-life ding-a-ling had already caused him legal troubles, in the early 1970s this popular cover song could still be appreciated as a dirty yet playful novelty. The musician’s darker days were yet to come.

When Berry became a rock ’n’ roll superstar in the 1950s, this then-thirty-something black guitarist was creating the soundtrack for white teenage America’s sexual awakening. Songs like “School Day,” “Sweet Sixteen,” and “Johnny B. Goode” were for the kids and about the kids, and his adoring fans, many of them teenage girls, would flock to see Berry perform. Good, clean, all-American fun.

But in 1959, at the height of his career, Berry was charged with violating the Mann Act—aka the White-Slave Traffic Act—for transporting a 14-year-old girl across state lines for “immoral purposes.” The underage girl was an alleged prostitute and an employee at his club, and two weeks after Berry fired her she turned him in. Accusations of sex in Berry’s Cadillac and motel rooms were thrown around, and after a drawn-out trial and multiple appeals with racist judges and all-white male juries, Berry was found guilty and spent 20 months in prison.

Following his release, Berry’s dick managed to avoid the spotlight for several years. But this all changed in 1990, when cops raided Berry’s Missouri estate. They were looking for drugs, but ended up finding video footage of women using the toilet in Berry’s house as well as in his restaurant, the Southern Air.

In a July 1990 memo faxed to Bob Guccione (images of the yellowed, crumpled pages are available on VICE’s website—worth seeing if only for the doodles in the margin), someone included transcripts from an interview with a DEA informant who’d been gathering evidence to justify the raid.

“It seems that Mr. Berry has been very BAD,” the letter writer says in his introduction. “I have…witnessed hours of the video tapes seized by the DEA—and they are unbelievable.”

Excerpts from the unnamed informant’s interview follow, describing what he saw on the footage: “Each toilet tape is edited so all you have is squat and wipe, squat and wipe, squat and wipe. Sometimes Berry would freeze the frame as the girl is discharging—let it stay frozen for a few seconds and then move on.”

When the story of the tapes finally broke—not in *Penthouse,* but in *Spy* magazine, in 1993—Berry’s fetishes for pee and shit (defined as urolagnia and coprophilia, respectively) became a nationwide joke. In 1994, Berry settled a class-action suit filed by dozens of women who claimed they’d been filmed, paying over $1.2 million in damages.

But it was Berry’s homemade porn movies that secured his reputation as de facto poster boy for golden showers and scat play. And although the content of the footage didn’t become public knowledge until the *Spy* report, there’s a full description in the 1990 memo to Guccione:

“Berry is in Tahoe on New Year’s 1988, with his [young, blonde] girlfriend. She is laying in the circular bathtub naked and Berry is standing in front of her. Berry says, ‘Do you like what you see? Do you want it?’ Berry then slaps her repeatedly across her face with his wanker, which is never hard. You can hear the slaps…. Then he starts to piss on her. ‘Open your mouth, I want you to drink my piss.’ Which she does, but Berry sprays all over her face, eyes, and more in her mouth.”

When he’s finished, Berry wipes her face but refuses to kiss her: “I would baby but you smell like piss, take a shower!”

The transcript continues: “She then puts on this sexy dance in the shower and after toweling off, Berry barks, ‘Come here you bitch, it’s time for my breakfast!’ And she sits on his face and you can see her discharge into his mouth as he eats away while grunting like [an] ape.”

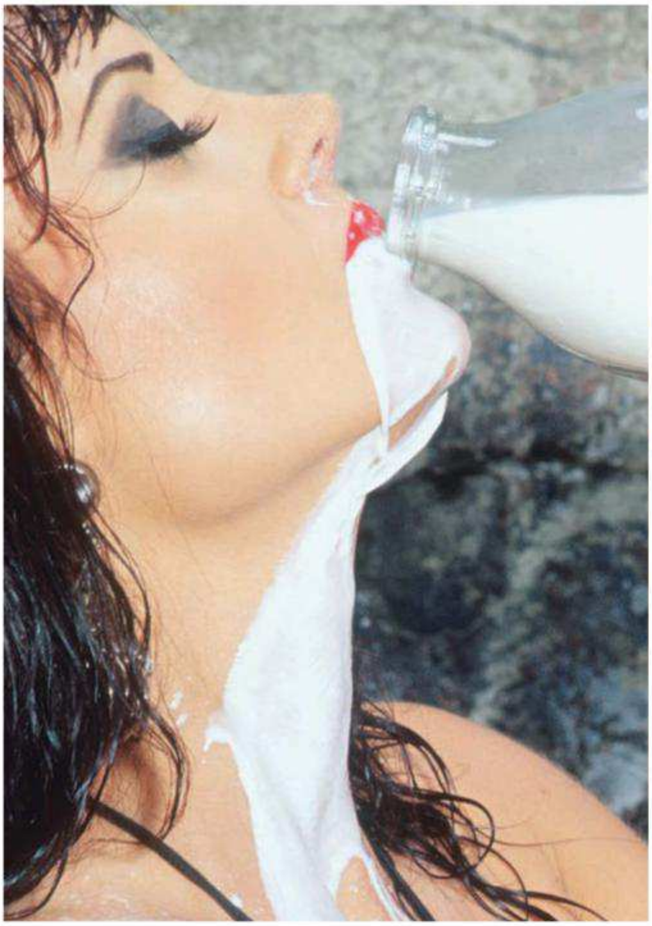
Rest in feces, Chuck Berry.

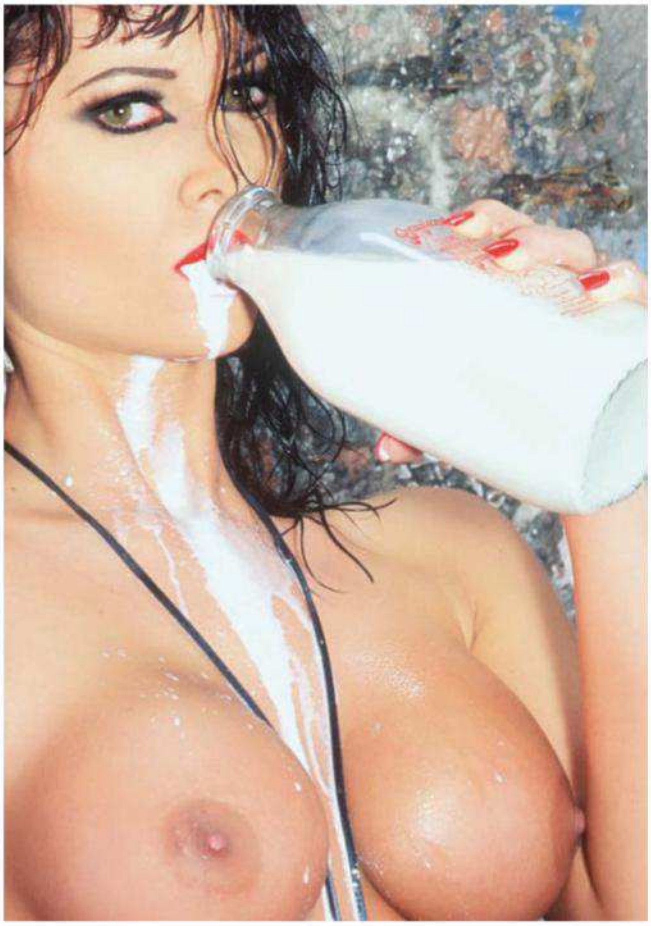
PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / DAVID REDFEM

OLD-SCHOOL INFATUATION

Remember the good old days when being handcuffed to the bed was unthinkable? When toe-sucking was considered deviant, and spanking was super risqué? The passage of time doesn't really heal all wounds, but it does make us wonder about what we'll consider taboo in the next 30 years. Until then, enjoy this (now) tame retrospective of some of the (then) more controversial images from our venerable history.

“A FETISH IS A STORY
MASQUERADING
AS AN OBJECT.”
—ROBERT STOLLER





“I REMEMBER
FINDING *HAROLD
AND MAUDE*
STRANGELY EROTIC.
I’VE ALWAYS HAD
AN OCTOGENARIAN
FETISH.”
—LIEV SCHREIBER

“REPRESS THE NATURAL AND IT COMES BACK EVEN STRONGER: NOT EVERYONE CAN BE A FETISHIST.”

—PHILIPPE LEJEUNE

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / TOM WILLIAMS

FIGHTING FOR THE MIDDLE

SEVEN-TERM REPUBLICAN CONGRESSMAN CHARLIE DENT'S FETISH IS HONOR, WRAPPED IN DECENCY AND COURAGE.

BY JEFF KAMEN

REPRESENTING Pennsylvania's 15th District, Allentown native Charlie Dent has always fought for the middle ground in times of extremism. He talks truth to power. He's doing it right now, in the Age of Trump. I wish I had Dent's balls.

Imagine the scene: He's there in the White House with some fellow Republican members of Congress, waiting, when in walks the President of the United States, a man who has devoted so much energy to making himself appear larger than life—dominant, fully in charge, not to be opposed. And now Trump gets to sit at that grand Oval Office desk, made of timbers from the *HMS Resolute,* and sign any executive order he wants, command the U.S. military, and affect millions of lives with a word.

The White House is famed as the greatest home-court advantage in the world. Its symbolic power can overwhelm some people. But it's always a mistake to count on that image. It depends on the audience. During my time as a White House correspondent, I saw that magic fizzle sometimes. Even for Ronald Reagan, who until now was the most skilled performer to hold down the biggest role in the world.

On this mid-March day, the current office-holder didn't at all look like someone who held an advantage over visitors. Instead, President Donald J. Trump looked seriously uncomfortable and pissed. And when his eyes fell on Dent, he looked *truly* pissed.

The real-estate magnate turned leader of the free world was frustrated. He assumed that members of Congress *in his own party* would line up to give him the huge win he had promised on the campaign trail. "I will repeal and replace Obamacare!" he'd bellowed over and over as he crisscrossed the nation.

Not so fast. The day before this convocation at the White House, Congressman Charlie Dent had told reporters that he would not be supporting Trumpcare.

As he sat across from the 57-year-old father of three, President Trump was realizing he might be denied the politically orgasmic moment of a big early victory and the momentum it could bring him for the rest of his legislative agenda. He looked away from Representative Dent, pitched party unity to the group, and essentially waited for applause but got none. According to a report from CNN, Trump then asked the representatives to tell him, one by one, if they were supporting his bill. When he got to Dent, the centrist Republican said no. Not the answer Trump wanted. "Why am I even talking to you?" he rumbled. The words spilled out of his mouth like acid reflux.

Dent knew damn well why he'd been invited to the White House. Trump desperately needed him and the rest of a group of 54 moderate Republicans he cochairs to vote in favor of Trumpcare. Dent's coalition of like-minded Republicans is called the Tuesday Group. Its members make up 20 percent of the Republicans in the House of Representatives.

Dent knew Trump had brought him and selected Tuesday Group moderates into his office in hopes of charming or intimidating them into changing their positions from "no" to "yes." The president may have thought he was in surefire deal-maker mode that day, but his performance fell flat. And he's not used to that kind of failure. On the contrary, he's used to "knockin' 'em dead," as his show-business colleagues like to say.

Trump remains intoxicated by how well his act played on the campaign trail. He continues to imagine that his aggression and big talk will get results, and when that doesn't happen, it freaks him out. If Ivanka and her husband Jared Kushner are not there to calm him down, anything can come out of his mouth or get typed in a tweet.

Trumpcare critics called it a heartless piece of legislative stink that would have stuffed cash into the pockets of Trump's rich pals while dropping 24 million Americans from health insurance. These millions would have included many voters who'd sent Charlie Dent to Congress to watch their backs. Before he sat in that room with Trump, the congressman had issued some blunt words expressing his opposition to the bill—words that made it clear the president was not going to have an easy time bringing Dent around.

"I cannot support the bill and will oppose it," he stated plainly. "I believe this bill, in its current form, will lead to the loss of coverage and make insurance unaffordable for too many Americans, particularly for low-to-moderate income and older individuals." Such an assessment perfectly squared with the findings of our leading authority on these matters, the nonpartisan Congressional Budget Office.

"We have," Dent continued, "an important opportunity to enact reforms that will result in real health care transformation—bringing down costs and improving health outcomes. This legislation," he added of Trumpcare, "misses the mark."

When Dent reaffirmed his decision to vote against it, Trump hardened. He looked at the congressman and reportedly blared, "You are destroying the Republican Party!"

Trump then said Dent's opposition to Trumpcare would also kill his chances of winning passage of the lopsided anti-middle-class tax bill that Trump calls a "tax reform" package. And he let the congressman know he'd blame him, personally, if the tax bill failed.

Dent listened respectfully to President Trump, who appeared flummoxed that he wasn't getting his way. It's not that Dent set out to demonstrate to the president that there were limits to his persuasive powers when it came to legislators, no matter the party. It's that Dent was committed to doing what he could to stop the president from pushing a bill that he believed would harm constituents of Pennsylvania's 15th Congressional District—the children, women, and men Dent was elected to serve.

"THIS LEGISLATION," DENT SAID OF TRUMPCARE, "MISSES THE MARK."

President Trump craved major legislative accomplishments in his first hundred days. On the campaign trail, he repeatedly spoke of how much he'd get done right out of the gate. To keep his promises, he needed not only to pass an Obamacare replacement and start "reforming" the tax code, but he also needed immediate action on that "great wall" between the U.S. and Mexico that Mexico was going to pay for.

But President Trump was caught off-guard by the challenges of repealing and replacing Obamacare. "Nobody knew health care could be so complicated!" he famously declared. Well, nobody except Dent and anyone else in government who had ever tried to extend medical services to the poor and those with preexisting conditions.

Unlike Dent, a lifelong moderate and student of diplomacy and governance (he has a master's degree in Public Administration), Trump seems to have no self-generated political or ideological core. He flows into whatever looks to him like a pathway to victory. Which is why it was easy for him to go from insulting NATO and China to embracing both, and from declaring for years that America should not get involved in Syria to suddenly launching 59 cruise missiles into a Syrian Air Force base.

Charlie Dent, on the other hand, works from a foundation of guiding principles that have served him and the people of the 15th District in good stead since 2004, when he was first elected to Congress. When asked about the White House confrontation, Dent said, "My bottom line is this: This discussion has been far too much about artificial timelines, arbitrary deadlines, all to affect the baseline on tax reform. This conversation should be more about the people whose lives are going to be impacted by our decisions on their health care."

■■■

BEFORE Dent and other Republican moderates met with Trump that day, the president had already run into trouble with the House Freedom Caucus—a collection of three dozen or so very conservative members. They demanded that Trumpcare (officially, the American Health Care Act) drop even more benefits than its authors had proposed. Trump offered to meet them halfway to get the bill passed.

In Dent's view, these maneuvers were disconnected from reality.

"A lot of the concessions that the White House is making at the end of this process were to try to appease...the hard right on essential health benefits and other issues," the congressman reflected, "all to placate people who are not going to vote for the bill anyway. And by doing that, they ended up alienating more people on the center right, or moderates. That was really what happened."

Dent believes there is simply no way to successfully and durably reform health care without cooperation from the other party. In addressing this specifically, he looked back to what the Obama-led Democrats did in 2010 when they passed their bill with minimal Republican support: "We as Republicans should not make the same mistakes that the Democrats did in 2010 by muscling that law through. I voted against it. We, the Republicans, are attempting to make the same mistake."

■■■

TRUMP and his allies are quite capable of doing serious, even career-ending, electoral damage to any Republican who displeases him. And Congressman Dent has displeased Trump over and over again.

It started with the primary campaign. Initially, Dent believed Trump would never get near the nomination. Then, as millions of working-class whites and a gaggle of billionaires rallied around his fear-based messaging about Muslims, the border, China, and more, along with his promises of returning jobs to the Rust Belt, repealing Obamacare, and lowering taxes, Dent felt compelled to step up as moderate Republicans before him had when demagogues tried to play one group of Americans against others.

Dent said Trump's rhetoric, which he labeled "incendiary," made it impossible for him to remain silent. He would not vote for the Republican nominee, he said, and suggested that others in his party should write in someone else as well.

Fast-forward to Trump's first days in office, and the following three words from Charlie Dent: "This is ridiculous!" That was his reaction to the first White House attempt at banning Muslims from entering the U.S. under the guise of preventing terrorism.

"I guess I understand what [Trump's] intention is, but unfortunately [his] executive order appears to have been rushed through without full consideration," Dent continued. "You know, there are many, many nuances of immigration policy that can be life-or-death for many innocent, vulnerable people around the world."

It needs to be said that Charlie Dent is no wuss on terrorism. Almost seven years earlier, in 2010, he introduced a House Resolution calling on the U.S. State Department to issue a Certificate of Loss of Nationality to the only American leader of Al Qaeda, Anwar al-Awlaki, probably the group's most effective English-language recruiter, and a player in bin Laden's organization before the 9/11 attacks. Dent emphasized that al-Awlaki had essentially renounced his citizenship by his many treasonous acts. Less than a year later, President Obama assassinated al-Awlaki with a drone strike in Yemen.

Dent's Allentown constituents include Syrian-Americans. They

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / CHIP SOMODEVILLA

IN GOD WE TRUST

are patriotic U.S. citizens grateful to be part of the American tapestry—that collection of the world's races, colors, cultures, and religions that keeps reenergizing our country. Many people are surprised when they learn that Steve Jobs, founder of Apple, was the son of a Syrian immigrant father. Immigrants bring to America a powerful desire to succeed and that benefits everyone.

For Syrian-Americans in Dent's district, watching the horrors of the civil war in their homeland unfold on TV has been almost too much to bear. Some of them had been working for years to get their relatives out of that living hell. Finally—just as Trump was taking office—a number of these Syrian hopefuls who'd been fully vetted by the State Department were on their way to safety and freedom in the U.S. Celebrations were planned. Houses were purchased for the new arrivals. Their relations were excited to welcome their kin to better lives in America.

Then, President Trump was inaugurated, moved into the White House, and before long, he issued his first Muslin ban executive order. It included an immediate freeze on Syrians entering the United States. Whether he knew it or not, Trump was shattering the lives of innocent human beings, including some of Dent's people.

Before Trump announced his ban, Syrian families were making their way out of a land of great beauty and historical richness turned slaughterhouse by Assad and his Russian and Iranian allies, and by ISIS in the territories they controlled. Some of these families were actually aboard planes bound for new lives as Trump was rolling out his order. Two of those families were traveling together on a flight to Philadelphia. As they'd boarded their plane in the Middle East, their hearts filled with joy, hope, and no small amount of relief. They had no idea what was about to happen to them.

"I DO NOT SUPPORT MUSLIM BANS," SAID DENT. "I DO NOT SUPPORT MUSLIM REGISTRIES."

When these families landed at Philadelphia International Airport, agents of the U.S. government—Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) officers—stopped them cold when they presented their passports and told them they could not enter the country because the President of the United States had so ordered.

The ICE agents were confused because of the sloppy way the executive order had come down to them. They had never seen anything like it. The refugees—after their long journey and arrival in America—were in tears as they were ordered to wait until they could be loaded onto the next plane headed back to the Middle East.

These Syrian families were in a state of shock. They had been through the rigorous State Department vetting process for almost *fourteen* years. They had their visas. They weren't even Muslims; they were Christians. Trump's executive order contained language making it easier for Christians to enter. But these families were Syrians and Trump's order specifically barred anyone from Syria—Christian or Muslim, it didn't matter. The two families who'd reached Pennsylvania could not comprehend that their lives had just been upended again by forces out of their control.

Their dreams of a better life in America had sustained them through frustration, fear, danger, pain, anger, and despair. And now they'd been blindsided by a fear-and-politics-driven betrayal of the promise of an America symbolized by the copper statue in New York Harbor.

On the other side of the airport's immigration reception hall, their American relatives could not believe what was going on. A stunned Sarah Assali told a reporter from radio station WHYY: "We brought them here for a better future. But we're also…taking them away from, you know, a war zone where they don't have food and they don't have water. And you don't even know when you're going to have electricity next."

The Assalis didn't need to reach out to their congressman. They were already connected to him.

"My son and I visited their home last night," Congressman Dent said the next day on National Public Radio. "Well, here's what happened. Their family members had arrived from Syria via Beirut via Oman-Amman, Jordan via Doha, Qatar, and then into Philadelphia. They arrived in Philly at about 7:45 A.M. I became aware of the situation around ten o'clock from my son, who happened to know the family well. He went to high school with one of them. He—my son—contacted me. And I got a hold of the family. And bottom line is, we tried to find out the status of the family."

But Dent could do nothing.

Trump's order cast the six innocent, fully vetted Syrians as threats to America by dint of their nationality. ICE agents had no choice. Three hours after the two Syrian families deplaned from a long, exhausting flight from the Middle East, they were escorted onto another plane by federal officers who were doing their best to follow the strangest order they had ever received. The six Syrians flew back to Qatar. It was only hours later that a federal judge reviewed the ban and shut it down.

The whole situation struck Congressman Dent as not only inhumane but an example of poor governance. "They have their paperwork in order for a green card," he stated. "They were to be greeted and then taken up here to Allentown where the family purchased a home for them and furnished it and, you know, was waiting for them. This family has been in process since about 2003…long before the Syrian civil war.

"This executive order was not properly processed," continued Dent. "You know, the departments of Defense, State, Homeland Security, and Justice I don't believe were consulted in a meaningful way. I urged the administration to halt enforcement of the order until a more thoughtful and deliberate policy could be instated…. What has me somewhat bewildered [is] why, you know, this has gone into effect the way it did. Because the family that I'm dealing with is a Christian family…. [They] were in flight when this order was announced and apparently then enforced. It just struck me as very unfair."

During the presidential campaign, Dent flat-out opposed Trump's racial and religious fearmongering. It was one of the reasons he publicly declared he could not vote for him after he became the nominee. And he was equally blunt about a policy singling out one religion. "I do not support Muslim bans," said Dent. "I do not support Muslim registries." And when it came to the two Syrian families swept up in the hastily implemented ban, Dent observed: "They were immigrants…that had gone through the proper channels. Everything was done legally, lawfully; they spent thousands of dollars. People who are in that situation are being prevented from coming in."

The Muslim travel ban was part of Trump's campaign appeal, crafted by none other than Steve Bannon, former ideological leader of the current GOP zombie apocalypse who helped bring about Trump's victory. Bannon is the polar opposite of Dent.

"Deconstructing the administrative state" is Bannon's stated top priority. That roughly translates into destroying all the agencies of government that help and protect people from the predations of the soulless and powerful—like the Environmental Protection Agency preventing polluters from poisoning poor

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / MARK WILSON

E PLURIBUS

communities downstream from mines and factories.

Instead of destroying those agencies, Congressman Dent wants them to work more effectively and efficiently. Instead of working to deny people their civil rights, as Bannon and his coconspirator Attorney General Jeff Sessions plan to do, Dent is a champion of expanding rights—especially for the LGBTQ community.

Dent has repeatedly called upon his party—the GOP—to engage in the nitty-gritty of governance, which requires stepping back from hard-edged ideologies to create a cooperative space in which the business of the people gets done. He's even gone so far as to declare it's time to "marginalize" House Republicans who "don't want to govern" but prefer to rage on under the banner of their own right-wing version of moral/political purity. As Dent plainly put it, "We have to get our act together."

When the ill-conceived Trumpcare went down in flames stoked by Dent and others, right-wing commentators saw a much bigger defeat. As Liz Peek wrote on the Fox News website: "It is the young Trump presidency…that takes the biggest hit here. Trump was elected because people across the political spectrum thought he could fix some of our problems. He was the businessman who could import common sense to Washington, and the deal-maker who could bring people together. He made big promises; a country tired of stalemate and disappointment believed that he could bring back jobs, reduce our debt, build the wall, find a better health care solution. His credibility and credentials now lie in tatters. All that optimism that has stoked the stock market and boosted investment plans—all that may fade."

Then came a second version of Trumpcare and the president twisted enough arms to squeak it past the House. Trump took a victory lap as though he had just repealed and replaced Obamacare, when in fact there was little reason to expect that the Senate would conspire in this travesty. But many people with preexisting conditions across the nation began to panic, putting their already fragile health in even greater and unnecessary danger.

Within minutes of the House vote and Trump's wildly premature chest-thumping, Dent spoke truth to power again, declaring: "I am disappointed that the House passed this bill, which I believe will increase health insurance costs—particularly for low- to moderate-income Americans—increase the number of uninsured by…as many as 24 million people, and undermine important protections for those living with preexisting conditions. It is my hope that cooler heads will prevail in the Senate and that they will produce a better bill that is focused on improving health care for all Americans."

It is Dent's basic decency, his grasp of the issues, his honesty and courageous clarity that make him and his Tuesday Group a political threat to the extremists within the party the president is supposed to lead, and to Steve Bannon's grandiose plans to smash every good thing the federal government has created, beginning with FDR's New Deal in 1933.

If Trump continues to fail to deliver his promised legislative agenda, Dent's moderate Republican voice could become even more influential, and that would only be good for his party and for the nation we all love.

JEFF KAMEN doesn't drink because, as he says, "It messes with my aim." He also loves "God, women, dogs, freedom, and good writing."

MEET THE TUESDAY GROUP

CHARLIE DENT'S CONSPIRACY TO MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN

THINK of them as barricaded holdouts against the surging new GOP zombie apocalypse—the great tide of stampeding Republicans in Congress who have become political lemmings. They are following the charge of Trump's chief strategist Steve Bannon and Attorney General Jeff Sessions.

Bannon and Sessions are pumping up white fear to push the nation over the cliff of right-wing extremism. Their cherished goal is to recreate a land where the rights of women, blacks, browns, Asians, Jews, and gays are once again at the mercy of people who feel threatened by them, and to bring about a return to the racist immigration laws of the 1920s.

Dent and his brave band meet in the basement of the U.S. Capitol every Tuesday to share notes, discuss political strategy, and do what they can to make sure they don't get bitten by the zombies.

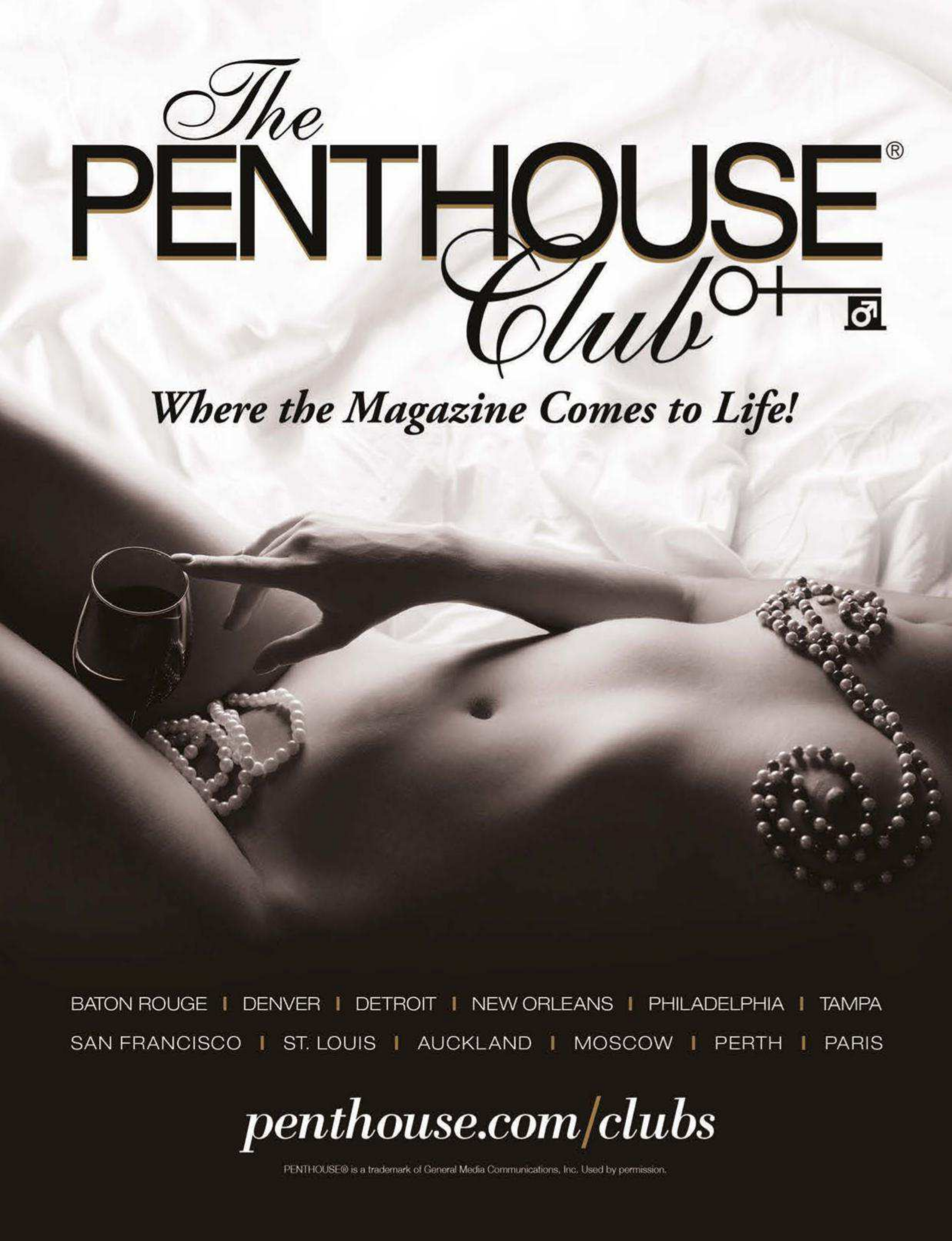
Dent is the current leader of the Tuesday Group, but not its first. The group was created in 1994, an assemblage of Republican moderates reacting to a previous zombie apocalypse led by Speaker of the House Newt Gingrich's Republicans.

The Gingrich Republicans swept into power, frothing about their "Contract With America," and began to keep their promises to wreck the institutions that FDR and LBJ created to rescue America from the Great Depression and protect the elderly and the poor and grant full citizenship to blacks. By the time they finally smashed themselves into the wall of public outrage, the Gingrichites had impeached President Clinton, threatened the social safety net, and even shut down the government for a while.

At the same time, 23 years ago, down in the basement of the Capitol, the original Tuesday Group crew of about 40 members of the House met privately and did what they could to keep the infected—led by a fierce phalanx of born-again Christian politicians—from eating the innocent.

Today, wild-eyed religiosity is still running loose in the corridors of Congress, but its apostles are less monolithic, and that makes a relatively small group like Dent's conspiracy of sanity a more powerful force than it otherwise might be.

The Tuesday Group has been quietly trying to help solve our country's problems by working to calm their more fervent friends on the Hill while also communicating across party lines to find common ground on legislation. They have been doing this important work long before the arrival of a showman tycoon named Donald Trump.



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PINK HEAT, WHITE HOT

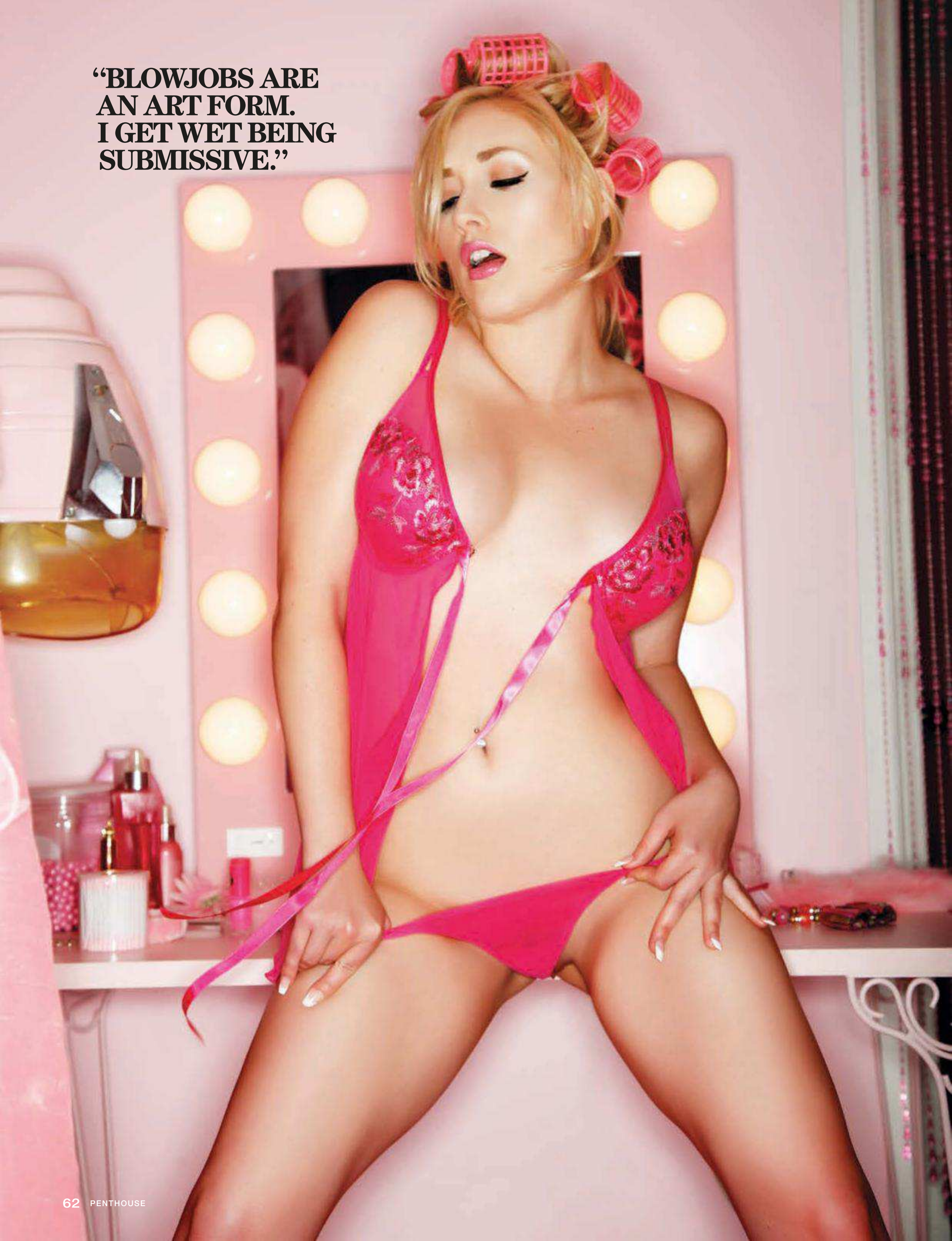
July Pet of the Month Manda Kay looks like she could deflate our fragile ego with one stab of her stiletto heel, but on the inside, she's a proud submissive. She doesn't want to hurt us at all. Quite the opposite—she aims to please. From working in mass communications to becoming a licensed scuba instructor, this Texas-born beauty is wildly versatile, but she found her true calling naked on all fours. Praise!

Photography: Hunter James

“I’M HAPPIEST WHEN I’M WATCHING NETFLIX AND SMOKING A HOOKAH.”

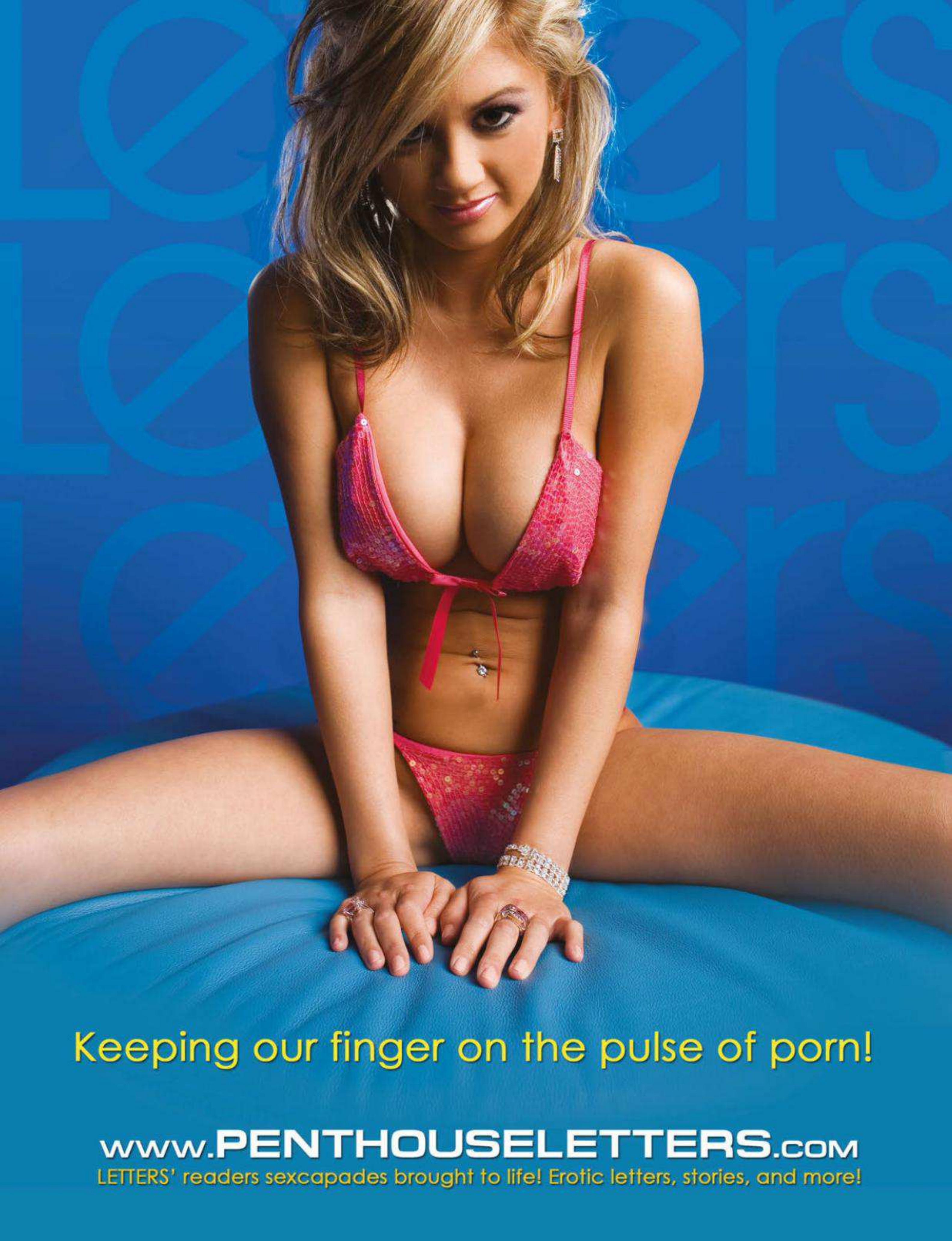
"I HAVE A PET FANTASY. I'D LIKE TO WEAR A COLLAR, AND BE MADE TO WALK ON MY KNEES TO SUCK COCK."

PINK
LLY



“BLOWJOBS ARE AN ART FORM. I GET WET BEING SUBMISSIVE.”

VANITY GIRL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MANDA KAY **JULY 2017 PET OF THE MONTH**

Vital Stats:
35-24-27
5'4"
25 years old
Hometown: Austin, Texas

I heard you once had sex in the head of a metal robot.

My boyfriend and I were at a park late one evening. I was horny. There was this big metal piece of playground equipment shaped like a robot. You could actually climb into the head, so we did. Pretty soon my clothes were off and I was sucking his cock.

Did anyone hear you?

Apparently so, we were making so much noise that someone called the cops. Mid-sex this light flashed on us and there was an officer telling us to come out. He was a nice country cop. He said, "I was young once," and let us go with just a lecture.

Did the cop know you were having sex?

It was pretty clear we were having sex. I didn't have my clothes on.

Lucky he let you off easy.

Yeah, it could have been much worse! It was a children's park.

What makes you a good lover?

Many things, but I give the best blowjobs. I want you to want me on my knees. I am all about the spit. The more the better. I can deep-throat like no one else. I go so deep I'm licking his balls with his cock still in my mouth.

Go on…

You've got to let that spit trail dangle from his dick to your lips. But what you do with your hands is crucial, too. The screwdriver, the twist. It's an art form.

Is that how you wore out your copy of the Kevin Bacon movie *Hollow Man*?

[Laughs] I love that scene where Bacon's character is invisible, and he creeps into the bedroom of his ex-wife. He takes off her panties and fondles and pleases her without her even knowing it. It's so edgy. Plus, the woman who played his wife had really nice tits. I used to sit there and rewind that scene over and over.

Edgy.

When I'm with women I like being the dominant one, but with a man, I want to be dominated. I love, love, love being submissive. For whatever reason it really turns me on. It's so hot.

SEE MORE OF MANDA AT PENTHOUSE.COM

sunbrella

PENTHOUSE

GINA VALENTINA **AUGUST 2017 PET OF THE MONTH**

Vital Stats:

32-24-28

5'2"

20 years old

Hometown: Rio de Janeiro

What's the first thing you do when you get up in the morning?

You want the truth?

Duh.

I'm a bit of a stoner. I'll wake up, brush my teeth, then I smoke a joint while I have my coffee.

The poor man's speedball. A great way to start the day! What are your relationship deal breakers?

If I'm going to commit to a man, he has to let me have a girlfriend, too. I love being with women just as much as I do men, but things are just more intimate with women.

Intimate how?

It's hard to explain. It's satisfying in a different way. I remember my first experience with a girl. I was spilling out with urges to kiss her, touch her, be all over her. It was amazing. I tried to have a girlfriend, but I missed men.

You're a true bisexual–the sexual unicorn.

Yes, and when I say that, most people don't believe me. They can't believe that someone is bisexual. But I need both.

What was your first time with a man like?

I lost my virginity when I was pretty young, but I had been masturbating a lot–like, a lot. Multiple times a day. I couldn't help myself. I still can't.

You are a proud, furious masturbator. Own it.

Totally. So, I'm masturbating daily and my fantasies are getting out of control. One night, I went out with my friends, met a stranger, and went home with him. It was crazy because I had never seen a dick before, let alone touched one. I had never felt come in my hand. It was a great experience. I was filled. All my curiosities were answered.

SEE MORE OF GINA AT PENTHOUSE.COM

#GetTheGirl
PENTHOUSE.COM

STOCKING STUFFER

Gina Valentina, our cover girl and August Pet of the Month, is the kind of woman who won't stop at anything to get what she wants, despite being coiled, twisted, and restrained. You'll never look at nylons the same way again. Or maybe you will. We have no control over how you look at things.

Photography: Tammy Sands

“I LOVE WEARING LINGERIE. I FEEL LIKE A SEXY SUPERHERO UNDER MY CLOTHING AND YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW.”

"I'M NOT HERE TO IMPRESS ANYONE. I'M HERE TO ENJOY MY LIFE."

“I FUCK AND SUCK FOR A LIVING.”

“I WOULDN’T CHANGE WHAT I DO FOR THE WORLD.”

HOT LINES

BY LEAH MCSWEENEY

LAME DICK

I broke up with a long-term dude a year ago, and two months after that I began an affair with a married man. Since then, I have entertained a few dudes, all the while having mind-blowing sex with the married dude. Recently, I told the married dude that I found someone that I'm pretty interested in, and he has persistently tried to see me more. I do not want to start a new relationship with someone while in an affair. Do I cut ties with the married dude? What if the new guy gives lame dick?

It is so hard to move to a new guy when you are already having mind-blowing sex with another one. GOOD DICK WILL IMPRISON YOU. Maybe you can fuck him while still fucking the married dude? I don't even believe in marriage so no judgments against you for fucking someone married. If you are both on the same page and you get your needs met, then why stop? My real advice is to find a really rich married guy to have mind-blowing sex with. Then you can get sex AND really great gifts and vacations. When you are screwing someone married you are doing them such a solid. Him fucking you is probably keeping his marriage working and happy. He's probably nicer to his wife because of your pussy! So tell that fucker to get you some bomb-ass gifts and fly you first-class to Ibiza this summer. And give the single dude a shot. Ya never know!

LOVE ME TWO TIMES

I have been dating my current girlfriend for three years now. She is amazing and independent (which I love). We connect on an incredible level. My friendship with my best friend, however, is even stronger and has grown into a unique relationship on its own. Although she lives hours away and is also in a relationship, we speak daily, discuss how much we want to be together, and say "I love you" frequently. We agree that our connection is a "soul mate" kind of understanding. Timing and distance have always been an issue. I could see myself marrying each of these women. Can you love two people at the same time? How do you decide which one is best for you, or do you focus on who you would be best for?

How the fuck are you in love with *two* women and I can't find one dude to fall for!? Maybe you can marry both of them. Isn't that legal...somewhere? Nevada? Seriously, I have a friend in New Jersey with like four wives that he lives with and they all get along great. It's beautiful to see people breaking society's norms when a lot of these norms are completely unrealistic. I think you should tell your current girlfriend your dilemma. Be honest with her. Maybe she will be down to share you. Good luck! I think it's a great problem to have.

BLOW OUT

How long is a reasonable time to suck dick? My old friend with benefits would hold out for so long because apparently I was that good, but damn, that takes work! Once I blew him three times in one night for at least 30 minutes each time! I'm no quitter, and there was no way I was not gonna finish the job, but I get tired, and he never went down on me as much. (He was never able to make me come that way anyway.) So how long are you willing to suck dick for, and what's the longest time a guy has gone down on you?

Damn girl, you are a soldier!! An hour and a half of dick-sucking is hurting my neck just typing it out. I feel you on the quitting shit. You sound like an amazing lover—and that guy was a lucky motherfucker. I think the longest I've gone down is like 20 minutes? Now I feel like a slacker. But I make the 20 minutes really count, I swear! As for a guy going down on me...I think maybe 30 minutes is the longest. After a while you just want to fuck. I think guys need to go down on you for way longer. Even if you aren't gonna come, even if you're getting bored, let them work! Keep being you.

ALL'S FAIR

I've been with my girl for about a year and a half and it's been great, but I fear it might be in danger. Before I got into this relationship I had an affair with a girl in a relationship. About two years later, I get a call from that girl explaining that she had gotten drunk the night before and confessed our affair to her boyfriend! As you can imagine, he didn't take it so well.... Besides all the drama that came with that, I'm concerned about my girlfriend. Even though the affair occurred two years ago when I was single, do I tell her? I feel like she should know. This isn't something to take lightly, and I would be devastated if she were to find out from someone else.

Damn, you're like the opposite of a sociopath. Kudos to you and your very sensitive conscience. But listen…this happened BEFORE you started dating your girl, so there

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / ONEINCHPUNCH

IT IS SO HARD TO MOVE TO A NEW GUY WHEN YOU ARE ALREADY HAVING MIND-BLOWING SEX WITH ANOTHER ONE. GOOD DICK WILL IMPRISON YOU.

is no reason to tell her. If that girl's man comes and tries to fuck shit up for you now, that's grounds for a bat to the windshield of his car and a serious beatdown. She shouldn't know. It will only annoy her and make her judge you, most likely. Leave her out of the bullshit. Protect her. If I was in her shoes I wouldn't want to know, but that's just me. If she somehow finds out, just act like it's nothing and keep it moving, because honestly, it really is nothing! You are good, money.

STRIPPER WHISPERER

I am a full-time college student…and a stripper. I have a boyfriend, and he knows what I do to support myself. I know he feels really weird when I just wanna talk about work, but he can't tell me what to do or how I should make my money! Sometimes I just wish people would understand that stripping is a job just like anything else. What can I tell him to make him understand?

DUMP HIS ASS. You need a real G. A dude who knows what's up and isn't weird and judgey. Not every guy is going to be able to be confident enough to handle shit like this. That's why you need someone special. Our lives pretty much revolve around work, and no matter what the profession you need to be able to talk to your boo about your day (or night). I would love to hear what goes on at work for you. I want stripper gossip—I bet it's juicy and fun. Keep getting that money and find a G. That's my advice for you.

LEAH MCSWEENEY is founder/CEO of NYC based streetwear brand Married to the Mob. She also cohosts the podcast "Improper Etiquette" with Laura Stylez.

FETISHISM AND THE LAW

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

WHEN I was coming of age, we all knew the difference between the "normal" and the "abnormal" when it came to sex. "Normal" was a man trying to get a woman to have sexual intercourse in the missionary position. "Normal" was the woman saying no and moving the man's (or boy's) roaming hands away from her breasts (second base) or crotch (third base). "Normal" was finally having missionary intercourse on their wedding night (home plate, but we stopped using baseball metaphors after marriage; now it was soccer: "game over"). Anything other than "normal" was weird, exotic, abnormal, or a fetish. Oral sex was a fantasy, played out in the black-and-white misnamed "blue movies" we were occasionally treated to by a friend's older brother in the basement.

Gay sex was a "perversion" that someone's uncle was suspected of enjoying in a faraway place. We had terrible names for people we thought might harbor homosexual desires. We'd never met an actual homosexual—at least we thought we hadn't. Nobody had ever heard of transsexuals, cross-dressers, or foot fetishists (though we knew girls who were shoe fetishists—which meant women who loved to shop for shoes). Life was simple. We were normal. Anyone who wasn't just like us was abnormal. No matters of degree. No continua. Just a straight line separating white from black (a metaphor that itself suggests what we meant by "normal" in the racial context).

Now everything has changed. There is no such thing as "abnormal." Everything is normal. A transsexual is as normal as the most macho man or feminine woman. Being gay is no longer even exotic. It's as boringly normal as the missionary position. The new normal is that everything is normal. There are no fetishes, only different tastes in sexual desires. That is the emerging reality in life. And that is a positive development for all Americans who care about liberty and privacy.

But what about in law? Law doesn't always follow life, at least not right away.

The statute books are chock-full of crimes that reflect an era even earlier than my youth. The penal codes (no pun can be avoided) of states reflect biblical prohibitions that were incorporated into law directly by the Puritans. (H. L. Mencken, himself something of a bigot, defined puritanism as "the haunting fear that someone, somewhere, may be happy.") These included the criminalization of oral and anal sex, even between married couples, as well as masturbation. Our newest justice, Neil Gorsuch, in a book he coauthored, cited with approval a footnote by the late Justice Antonin Scalia where he predicted that the Supreme Court's approval of gay sex would result in the striking down—God forbid—of state laws criminalizing "masturbation," "fornication," "adultery," "bestiality," "adult intent," and other crimes against nature and morality.

This doesn't necessarily mean that Justice Gorsuch will lead the charge—or even be a swing vote—in favor of prosecuting "abnormal," "deviants," "perverts," or those who engage in acts "against nature." It does show, however, that outdated laws may remain on the books long after life has passed them by. An example is the anachronistic ages of consent in states such as California and Florida where adolescents become sexually active well before they turn 18. Yet every sexual encounter involving a boy or girl under that magic age is a crime, because state legislators do not have the courage to acknowledge the changing sexual mores among adolescents.

The same is true of the anachronistic "crimes" against morality and nature. Legislators don't want to appear soft on crime or personally supportive of "abnormal" sex acts, so they do nothing, counting on prosecutors and courts to do nothing as well, thus leaving these crimes unenforced but on the books.

THE NEW NORMAL IS THAT EVERYTHING IS NORMAL. THERE ARE NO FETISHES, ONLY DIFFERENT TASTES IN SEXUAL DESIRES.

So here is the bottom line when it comes to the conflict between life and law in the context of "abnormal" sexual practices, including fetishism: As long as you do it with a consenting adult, or by yourself, you will almost certainly be safe from prosecution. But you will technically be violating the law. If you were to be prosecuted, you would have a strong constitutional challenge, based on the decisions regarding gay sex and gay marriage.

There is no guarantee, however, that the courts will follow Justice Scalia's "parade of horribles"—a legal term that's used as a put-down regarding a ruling's negative effects. The courts may very well uphold outdated state laws that criminalize some fetishes and perceived "abnormalities." At least for the time being. But there is little question that, over time, all of these laws will end up in the waste basket of history, where they have always belonged.

ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ is professor emeritus at Harvard Law School and author of 35 books, more than a thousand articles, and numerous blogs. He continues to defend freedom of speech and the rights of criminal defendants.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / ENDLA

PHOTO: TOMMYO / MODEL: MISS AGAVI / LATEX CLOTHING: VENUS PROTOTYPE

PONY PLAY

BY JENNY NORDBAK

I COULD tell from the look in Erin's eyes as she stared daggers at me that I was going to pay for this later, but somehow that just made it funnier. I chuckled and flicked the buggy whip across her magnificent ass, shouting, "Giddyup, pony!"

My girlfriend flinched and tossed her head just like a real angry pony. She was on all fours before me wearing nothing but a thong, a bridle, and a bit gag. I had wrapped her fists in plastic wrap to turn them into hooves. It's amazing how dehumanizing it is not to be able to use your fingers.

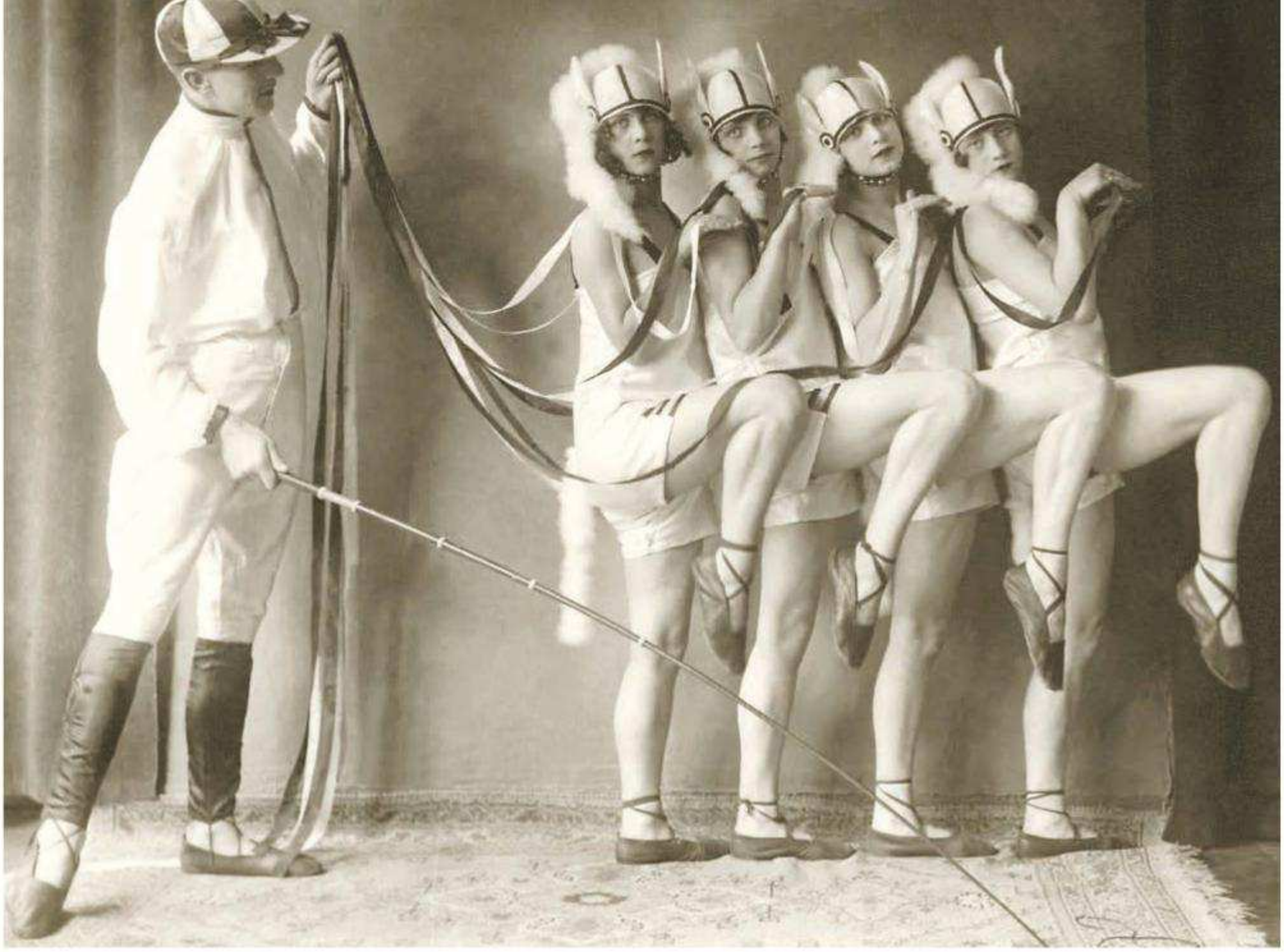
We were nearing the end of a dungeon session with a client, one in which Erin was being forced to be a pony and I was her trainer. The client had no idea that we were dating when he booked a double with us, but as he watched from a throne across the room, he had to know there was something between us.

Erin looked back over her shoulder at me, and though she couldn't speak with a bit between her teeth, she was making me a promise of payback when we got home. My stomach flipped in anticipation as an image of what was likely to happen flashed in my mind: Erin would wait until we got in the door before pressing me up against the wall and holding me there by the throat as she teased her way down my body. We were both naturally dominant, so there was always a power struggle and I never knew who would finish on top—I only knew that we would both finish.

There were only minutes left in our session, so I decided to take advantage of her being so deliciously vulnerable. She was unlikely to ever allow this again. The one other time we had done a double session with a client, she had tied me down and tickled me until I screamed. Some humiliating pony play seemed like a fair turnabout.

I pressed myself up against her ass and pulled her head up by her bridle, holding her in place. I reached my hand down and around to massage her clit. I was flirting with breaking the rules, but my client wasn't complaining.

Erin was the first woman I had been in any kind of



I NIPPED HER EARLOBE WITH MY TEETH, MAKING HER TRY TO PULL AWAY, BUT I STILL HAD HER BY THE BRIDLE, SO SHE COULDN'T MOVE.

relationship with, and though I had a few drunken girl-on-girl experiences over the years, she had been the one to really teach me how to please a woman. Before her, I just assumed that all women wanted to be touched the way I touched myself, but I had discovered that there is a different rhythm and stroke that works for each of us. I knew she wanted me to grind hard against her clit in a rapid side-to-side motion, but I would save that for later. I circled gently and slowly, savoring the way she was panting against me.

I nipped her earlobe with my teeth, making her try to pull away, but I still had her by the bridle, so she couldn't move.

"Neigh like a good pony and I'll reward you," I said without even trying to keep the amusement from my voice.

She made a convincing horse noise and tossed her hooves in the air.

True to my word, I ground harder against her clit, eliciting a moan.

"That didn't sound very horse-like," I whispered into her ear.

I couldn't see her expression, but could sense the tension and frustration in the way she tried to toss against me again.

"You've been a good girl," I cooed. "Why don't you go and get your reward from our master?"

I released my grip on her bridle, allowing her to trot over to our client and nudge his knee with her head. He unfastened the bridle and removed the bit from her mouth. Erin whinnied in appreciation even though I knew she was hating every second of it.

He extended his hand with a sugar cube held in the flat of his palm, and Erin took it between her teeth, crunching it appreciatively.

Our client thanked us and left. Erin waited for the door to shut before silently extending her hooves for me to cut the plastic wrap off. She didn't say a word as we cleaned up and walked back down the stairs.

Turns out I guessed wrong. She didn't punish me when we got home. She didn't wait that long. As soon as I stepped into the dressing room, she grabbed me by the hair and pulled me back against her in an echo of what I had done to her upstairs. Her hand slid down across my waist and pressed against my clit. I was already so turned-on that I groaned and leaned into her.

"You better be quiet or we're going to get in trouble," she whispered before moving her fingers in a frantic rhythm that made me want to be anything but quiet.

I was about to come and she knew I wouldn't be able to stay silent, so she let go of my hair and wrapped her hand around my throat. I climaxed with a silent scream and collapsed onto the couch as she released me.

"Don't think this is over," she said. "I'm going to punish you properly when we get back to my place later."

I was still too busy trying to catch my breath to come up with a witty response. I simply grinned and felt her lips curve into an answering smile as she kissed me and we both started to giggle.

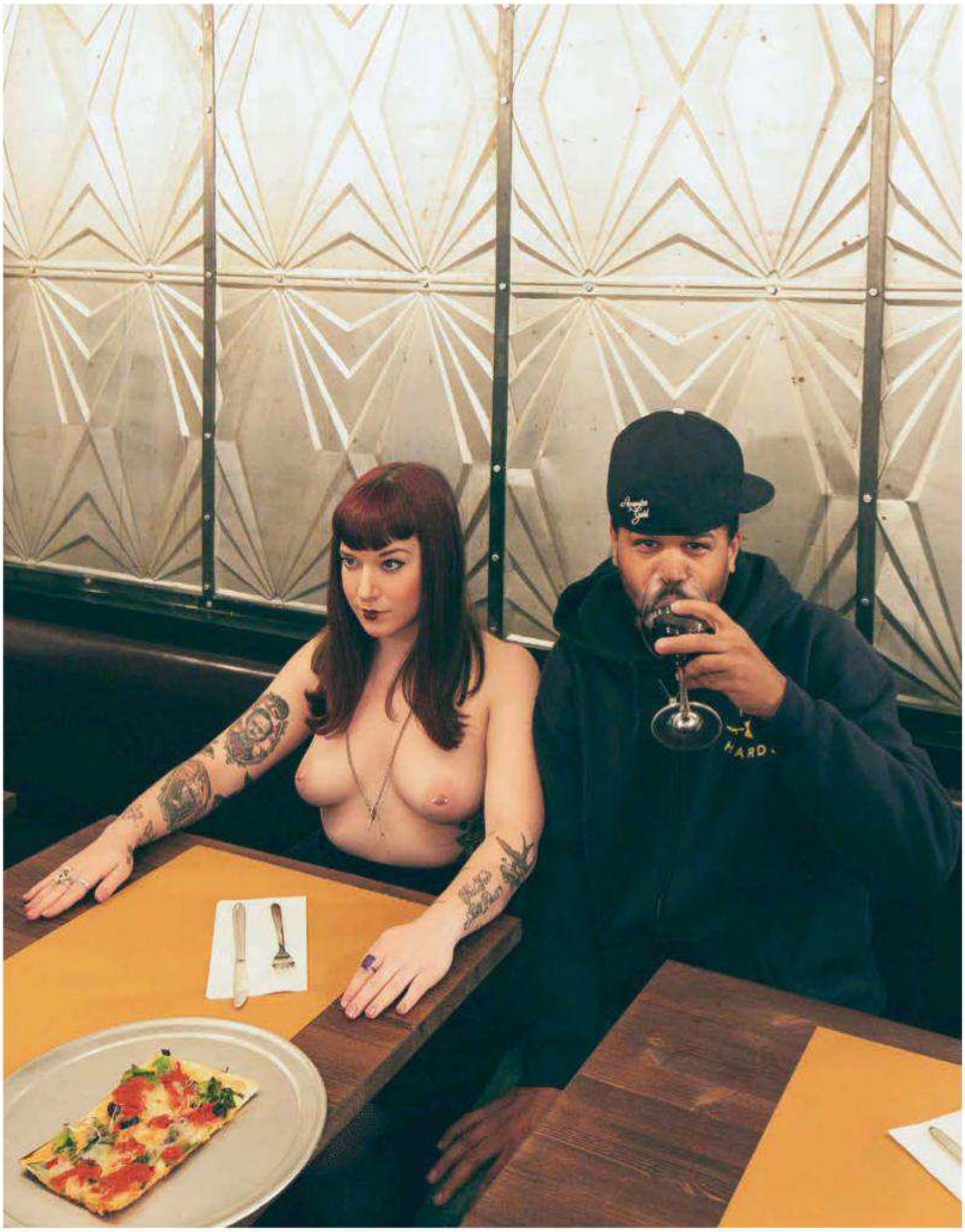
I knew she would make good on her promise of retribution. And I couldn't wait.

PHOTO: LEFT: GETTY IMAGES / FOUND IMAGE HOLDINGS INC / RIGHT: TOMMYO

SEX, HOOD, SKATE AND PHOTOGRAPHS

FETISH PHOTOGRAPHER IAN REID

INTERVIEW BY CHRIS NIERATKO



With a background steeped in hip-hop and skateboarding, self-described "hood kid" and world-renowned fetish photographer Ian Reid might seem like an unlikely character to shoot BDSM, but sex has been a heavily permeating theme throughout Reid's skate career, dating back to his self-produced cult classic film, *Sex, Hood, Skate and Videotape*.

The truth is, skateboarding has always comprised a fringe community of outsiders and anarchists that spits in the face of societal norms–not so different from the BDSM and public-nudity scenes he captures in his current work. His years spent skating the streets of his rough-and-tumble corner of Brooklyn gave Reid a fearlessness behind the lens as well as an uncanny ability to remain unfazed when dealing with reactionary cops or religious zealots.

How did you end up getting into fetish photography?
My neighbor at the time introduced me. It was cool to me because it was just like skateboarding—a small crew of dedicated people doing something they loved. Being an outcast from the regular humans was a little more interesting, but I wasn't big into fetishwear, so I would show up looking like your typical dude from the hood in the early days and it was funny.

What are your personal fetishes?
I enjoy polite dominance and servitude the most. I enjoy subtle acts of sexual deviance in public, and intelligent and strong women.

What fetishes do you most enjoy shooting?
Good ol' fashioned public nudity. Everyone is born naked and it's the most natural, empowering thing. You should try it. Aside from that I enjoy forniphilia [human furniture]. It's by far one of my favorites, but I don't get to shoot it as often as I'd like. OTK [spanking] rituals and religion are my other favorites.

Where do you draw inspiration from?
It comes from so many places. One day I was sitting in traffic like, Damn, this is awful. How could I make this more fun? Driving topless! A few days later I set up a driving-topless shoot [with] good music and smiles. It makes the days of the other drivers stuck in traffic—it's almost like a good deed. I like to mostly think of regular everyday situations and insert nudity into them, not necessarily make it sexual, just add nudity. As far as influences go, my friends mostly are the best. And Helmut [Newton], Guy [Bourdin], and Ellen [Von Unwerth].

You shoot a lot of public nudity in New York City. What are people's usual reactions? Any unsavory situations ever arise?
It always depends on what is being shot and where it is. If it's basic nudity that's pretty freeing and most women encourage it and cheer it on when they walk

5155
New York City Subway

Baby it's warm outside.
VISITFLORIDA.C
Must be the su

SIMPLIFY
YOUR CHECKOUT
PayPal
NYC
T
1830

ROA
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past. They compliment each other and smile. When it comes to more fetish-type things, like human pets, people always have a lot to say.

I was shooting recently and some guy pulls over, takes out his phone, shoots two or three photos, then starts yelling for the women to get dressed, that we need Jesus. He said he was going to file a police report with his photo of my friend naked on a leash, on the floor, with another lady standing over her.

Also, dealing with the cops is sometimes unsavory in NYC. They will show up and be like, “She’s naked. I’m gonna have to write you up.” I’m like, “Nope! She’s topless. There is a huge difference. Call your CO or get your captain down here.” Then they call it in and realize being topless is legal in New York and suddenly it’s, “Okay, have a good day.”

Tell me the craziest story from a shoot.
One of the wildest was back when I had a studio and one model wanted to paint herself blue and walk around naked. She calls me and says, “Hey, I’m running late and have a small issue. I hope you won’t mind.” I’m thinking she just got her period and that it will be a cool color contrast. Plus, it’s so womanly that it will be an amazing shoot.

She shows up about 30 minutes late with a stroller and a teddy bear. I’d shot adult babies before so I thought it could be a fun shoot, but no, it was her baby in the stroller. She tells me the baby is asleep and insists on doing the shoot. She paints herself blue then puts on this weird cardboard outfit and starts speaking in some made-up language from a videogame. She then grabs the teddy bear and duct-tapes a blue dildo to it and begins to chant and have sex with it, all while her nine-month-old is asleep in the next room.

Another day at my studio, I’d ordered food for a lady I was shooting. When the late-fifties Chinese delivery man comes in and spots her cuffed to a safe, bent over with a paddle next to her, he laughs and asks if he can have a turn spanking her. He says it would make his life better. Of course we let him spank her, and he left feeling better about his life.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

A DEEP DIVE INTO AMERICA'S FINAL SEXUAL FRONTIER: THE ASS.

BY THOMAS MORTON

ON JANUARY 11, 1997, I passed a folded note forward to Rozz Marshall from the back row of Coach Schaeffer's ninth-grade biology class. The note was the sixth or seventh in a series of attempts to audibly gross out the other person while we were supposed to be quietly reading or whatever.

For my turn I wrote a single word: analingus. It worked. In response to Rozz's retch-laugh, Coach Schaeffer took the note and prepared to read it aloud to the rest of the class. As his mouth silently held the shape of the word's first syllable, the color drained from his face and his eyes left the scrap of paper for a spot somewhere in the middle distance above my head.

2014 WAS DESCRIBED AS "YEAR OF THE REAR" AND "YEAR WE REACHED PEAK ASS."

Eighteen years later, to the day, Allison Williams's character on *Girls* bent over a sink and let that guy with the beard stick his tongue up her ass. America shrugged. Of the surprisingly few next-day reviews that mentioned the rimjob, most decried the scene for attempting to cash in on the supposed "shock value" of a sex act that had already been thoroughly incorporated into the mainstream sexual repertory.

"Butt-eating isn't particularly risqué ground anymore," chided Jezebel. "*Girls* is actually behind the rimming curve," snorted the *London Evening Standard*. "Hardly shocking," belched the *New York Post*. How did salad-tossing, the most depraved sub-fetish of the oldest and most vilified sexual taboo in Western civilization, become so commonplace that three of the most sexually conservative mouthpieces in media could find watching it happen to a major actress terribly *banal*?

■■■

2014 was variously described as "Year of the Butt," "Year of the Ass," "Year of the Booty," "Year of Eating Booty," "Year of the Rear," and "Year We Reached Peak Ass" by every major blog and newspaper on the internet. Listicles, thinkpieces, thinkpieces about thinkpieces, and link roundups cited twerking, reams of song lyrics and music videos glorifying the posterior and its tasty innards (among them "Anaconda," Nicki Minaj's female appropriation of "Baby Got Back," Beyoncé's ass-smacking mantra "7/11," Jennifer Lopez and Iggy Azalea's "Booty," Big Freedia's twerking tutorial "Explode," and Meghan Trainor's "All About That Bass"), Q&As with sexperts, personal accounts of their friends' and coworkers' backdoor experimentations, and a widely-linked cellphone photo of a woman getting her ass eaten in the parking lot of a Detroit Lions game as evidence that the Annum Anum was fully upon us.

Despite representing the first time in a major U.S. film or TV show that a woman was depicted receiving consensual anal pleasure as actual pleasure and not as a form of sadistic torture or the setup for a shit joke, the internet wasted no time dogpiling on *Girls*

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / MARILYN YUSUF

for the mortal twenty-first-century sin of presuming its kitchen-sink rimjob a sexual milestone in a culture already several miles up the road. Essentially, the show's crime was a calendrical error, airing more than a week after the collectively agreed upon "Year of the Butt" came to its end.

Though you'd think someone in online media would've allowed for how long it takes a television show to go from script to the tube, in internet time ten days is eons. The inhumanly fast online news cycle permits just enough time once a story breaks for a blogger to copy and paste the original reporting into their platform and punch it up with a couple of jokes or a "hot take" before hitting "publish," or risk being scooped again by the next story.

If you want to see the hivemind-esque groupthink this kind of haste produces, just click on the top hashtag on Twitter news and count the number of identical headlines. Aside from making the web insanely boring to read, this instantaneous echo chamber can turn a niche theory or concept into a universally-accepted human law faster than you can Google the meaning of reification.

This is exactly what happened with Year of the Ass. If you discount all the top-N lists o' links, retweets, and near-verbatim rephrased articles or "recaps," there were about five original pieces at the heart of 2014's buttmania. That's all it took to whip the U-S of A into an anal frenzy.

IF THE LEADER OF THE FREE WORLD IS WILLING TO HAVE HIS ASS LICKED, THE REST OF THE FREE WORLD CAN'T BE MORE THAN A LITTLE BEHIND.

* * *

A BRIEF history of anal sex in the West for those of you with rusty memoryholes: Ass-fucking was invented by Orpheus as a way to combat his grief over the loss of his lover Eurydice and her vagina to Hades. He taught it to the Thracians so he'd have someone to do it with; they in turn taught it to the Minoans; the god Zeus picked it up from the later Cretans; and next thing you know folks were humping rumps all across Ancient Greece, Phoenicia, and the Fertile Crescent.

In Athens, the philosophers of Plato's Academy used anal sex to bond with their young male students, and the hookers of Solon's brothels used it as birth control. In Rome, everyone of repute reamed each other because the Greeks did it and because fucking young boys supposedly cured wrinkles. Then Christianity took over and the party a posteriori was over.

Homosexuals and noted deviants such as Gilles de Rais, the Marquis de Sade, and Aleister Crowley kept the practice alive, though they did so under the risk of extremely harsh anti-anal laws, which often prescribed the death penalty for repeat offenders, whether they were pitchers or catchers. Finally, in the 1960s and 70s, Britain decriminalized consensual buggery, the United States began gradually repealing their sodomy laws, Marlon Brando slid his buttered dong into Maria Schneider's caboose, and the *aversa Venus* began its restoration to the pantheon of accepted bedroom behaviors.

* * *

WHILE '14 may have been the Year Butt Broke (I am frankly appalled I'm the first one to come up with that), the seeds for these salad-tossing days were sown in the preceding decades.

Buried in the footnotes of the Starr Report on Bill Clinton's affair with Monica Lewinsky is a reference to her taped deposition that reads: "They had oral-anal contact as well." Somehow the fact that the President of the United States received a rimjob in the Oval Office was lost amid the ballyhoo over the regular oral sex, the jizz stains on Monica's dress, and Slick Willy's use of a cigar as an improvised extramarital aid. Perhaps reporters overlooked it, or their editors found the more luridly described blowjob and disappearing-cigar trick a better sell. Perhaps America, like Coach Schaeffer, simply wasn't ready to deal with the mental image of a tongue going into an asshole—especially hers into his. Regardless of its omission from the public discourse, if the leader of the free world is willing to have his ass licked, the rest of the free world can't be more than a little behind.

Over the next few years, Sisqo's "Thong Song" rode the rising tide of that undergarment's popularity, Dan Savage coined the terms "pegging" and "santorum," and "ass to ass" went from an ad-libbed line in the nightmarish climax of *Requiem for a Dream* to something guys on SomethingAwful.com wrote as a non sequitur joke.

In 2001, the magazine I would soon intern at published "The VICE Guide to Anal Sex," which focused exclusively on rectal congress between straights (given that gays were already "masters of the sport"). The article was far and away the most visited page on the VICE website for more than a decade, finally losing its top slot to the 2014 documentary *The Islamic State,* since apparently ISIS are the assholes we're most interested in fucking these days (sorry).

All these ass-oriented blips of pop culture were just signposts in a burgeoning shift in American sexuality. Between 1992 and 2010, the percentage of straight women in their early twenties who not only had tried anal sex, but were willing to admit so over the phone to a surveyor from the CDC, went from 16 to 40 percent. Male numbers likewise spiked, at least for giving if not receiving, and his-n-hers analingual tutorials started cropping up in hetero institutions like *Playboy* and *Cosmopolitan*. The love that dares not speak its name was being name-dropped by some of the least-daring publications in America.

* * *

ANAL sex and a more general predilection for bum-bums belong to a subtype of sexual fetishes called *partialisms*. This is where someone gets off on any part of the body that isn't the genitals, as opposed to, say, a ball gag or getting spanked in a diaper—those are just fetishes.

Freud laid out his theory for the origin of fetishism in

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES

a 1927 essay called exactly that: "Fetishism." Basically, when a boy sees his mother's vagina for the first time, the fact that it isn't a penis makes him terrified of losing his own penis. "Probably no male human being is spared the fear of castration at the sight of female genitals," Freud wrote. "For if a woman had been castrated then his own possession of a penis was in danger." In order to curb that chilling possibility, the boy unconsciously identifies something else as his mom's penis and that becomes his fetish: pubic hair, women's shoes, a rectal thermometer—sky's the limit.

Recognizing that few fetishes were phallic enough to make for a good surrogate penis, Freud hypothesized that often the last thing the boy saw before the traumatic vulva would take the role. This would explain the preponderance of foot and leg fetishists—since they would have probably been looking up from the floor—as well as panty lovers, since she might have been taking those off. And, of course, the ass is right there next to the horrible gash, so why not? Why wouldn't an ass be your mother's dick?

■■■

SINCE the advent of mass media in America, each generation has developed a collective fetish so monolithic and ubiquitous it can define the era itself.

The 1930s and 40s were resolutely a Leg Age, as exemplified by the meaty thighs of the Fleischer Brothers' Betty Boop, the camera's lascivious tracking shot of Barbara Stanwyck's bejeweled ankle in the opening of *Double Indemnity,* and the stockinged gams of Betty Grable which accompanied bomber crews over Europe and the Pacific in formation with other leggy nose-cone pinups. Even just using leg slang like "gams" or "stems" immediately dates the speaker to this 20-year window.

This chaste fixation displaced the freewheeling sexual libertinage of the previous Jazz Age era amid the general deprivation of the Great Depression and Second World War, and also paid homage to scientific advances in the field of making stockings. Given the censorious strictures of Hollywood's Hays Code, it was also pretty much the most you could ask for on-screen.

As the war ended and the Baby Boom began, America entered a breast phase, making icons of mammary queens like Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, and Vampirella. (Rural America, forever a late bloomer compared to its citified cousins, eventually discovered Dolly Parton in the late sixties.)

This busty celebration of prosperity came to an abrupt end with the British Invasion of titless wonders like supermodels Jean Shrimpton and Twiggy. In 1966, the year Twiggy hit big, Rat Packer Frank Sinatra (once hitched to hour-glass goddess Ava Gardner) married 21-year-old Mia Farrow, she of the pixie haircut and pre-adolescent figure, giving an A-list imprimatur to A-cuppers.

The 1970s and 80s belonged to the bush. Hair in general served as a conduit for sexual energy in these hirsute decades, from the androgynous coifs of the male glam scene and later female dom-boys like Annie Lennox, Pat Benatar, and Gozer the Gozerian; to the fertile muttonchops of John Holmes and Freddie Mercury; to the feathered locks of Farrah Fawcett—possibly the most masturbated-to woman in U.S. history.

While thick and peaty pubes remain a niche fetish and signifier of a sexual golden age for "Bring Back the Bush" zealots, it's easy to forget from the vantage of our dystopically shaven *THX 1138* future that in the

very recent past pubic hair wasn't an obstacle to the female genitalia, it *was* the female genitalia. Hence the triumphant and decidedly non-fetishistic cry of the Tri-Lambs in *Revenge of the Nerds,* "We've got bush!" The bush was the real thing, the whole package, a slight linguistic displacement for the vagina but not a Freudian one. Or at least it was until Sharon Stone uncrossed her legs and inaugurated the 1990s: the Age of the Cunt.

A decade so consumed with its own place at the supposed end of history that "Hey, it's the nineties" entered common parlance as a resigned take on "Everything is permitted," the 1990s was the perfect period for the country's collective sexual pathos to complete its anatomical odyssey and come to rest at the actual organ involved in intercourse. Whether being used as a presidential humidor, a justification for the severing of John Bobbitt's penis (can't insert what you don't have!), or the battlefield for the national debate on abortion, scant time passed when we weren't talking about someone's pussy. It's almost post-historical in its own right; after all, if a fetish is a replacement for the vagina, can a vagina even be one? Freud's stages of psychosexual development end with the genital stage for this very reason.

AS THE MILLENNIUM TURNED, CELEBRITY CROTCH SHOTS WENT FROM SCANDALOUS TO SIMPLY WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GET OUT OF A CAR.

As the millennium turned and pube styles went from the bikini wax to the Brazilian to the full shave, celebrity crotch shots went from scandalous to simply what happens when you get out of a car. In a culture this comfortable with the cunt, where to go for transgressive thrills? Round back. Or as James Joyce's mother put it, "The hole we all have… [down there]."

While the trajectory of this 90-year parade of mass partialisms seems like a linear progression from a repressed society to a healthy open one (it even follows the middle-school base system in order, all the way to today's fifth base, or extra innings, or whatever they called it where you're from), it only does so from a straight-male perspective. Freud wouldn't have had a problem with this as he believed only men could develop fetishes (women need to have a penis to be afraid of losing it), but he'd have a bone to pick with us now. Not only is anal fixation a full two steps backward from the mature resolution of the genitals on his psychosexual schema, it's open to guys *and* gals. The ass is the only erogenous part we both have (except technically the legs—a vein Bugs Bunny already mined to death).

* * *

TO ACCEPT the ass as a sex organ, first you have to accept that it's there at all. Sir Richard Burton (the nineteenth-century explorer, not Liz Taylor's husband) once postulated the existence of a "Sotadic Zone," a sort of butt-fucking belt starting along the Mediterranean coast and gradually expanding as it passed east through Asia and onto the Americas, in which pederasty and hetero anal were an accepted part of the indigenous culture. (All of North and South America are in the Zone, but only for their native inhabitants, although mayyyyybe also the Spanish.)

Based on my own travels, I've formulated a geographical continuum of rectal squeamishness where the farther you move from East to West, likewise terminating in America, the less comfortable people and cultures are with the function and very existence of their buttholes. So you go from Japan, where they take such delight in defecating that they build computer-toilets to make their tushies feel even better; to India where, as Ghandi noted, women will occasionally shit in a circle while talking to each other; to the Middle East where, outside of fancy hotels, you still wipe with your hand (remember, always the left) and a pitcher of water; to continental Europe where a bidet is a customary part of the bathroom hardware; to England where, even in medical situations and court testimony for sexual assault cases, they use the word "bottom"; to the U.S., where we're so scared of our own assholes we wad up a softball's worth of toilet paper to avoid the risk of touching it.

John Harvey Kellogg tried to cure America of its analphobia at the turn of the twentieth century when he determined that the colon was the "seat of human health" and prescribed enemas for pretty much any malady. And while we still eat breakfast cereal in his memory (in essence a daily fiber flush), you only have to look at how we advertise TP to see how far we have to go.

For the last 50 years, paper which we make and purchase exclusively to remove feces from our sphincters has been sold via cartoon angels sleeping in it, a puppy pressing an unspooled pile of it with its paw to gauge its softness, and a weird old pervert who hangs out in the bathroom aisle and admonishes young ladies for test-squeezing plastic-wrapped rolls of toilet paper before they buy it. It took a British ad agency to convince Charmin to phase out the demented Mr. Whipple in 2000 for a family of cartoon bears who actually use the product.

The cultural correlation between happy crapping and recreational enjoyment of the chocolate starfish may seem iffy, especially given countries like India and the Muslim world's draconian punishment of sodomy and hard-nope stance on gays. The better part of these laws, however, were originally instituted by British colonialists like Burton, who, also like Burton, were gobsmacked upon their arrival at how free the locals were with their bottoms.

If you look at pornography from these regions, particularly amateur porn, you will rarely see a man go down on his lady without paying a visit round back. And as any girl who's spent time single in Japan knows, they're full-on assaholics, perhaps owing to the fact that that's the only orifice they can depict without a mosaic.

So, back to the States, coupling those ass-wiping bears with the increasing sales of flushable wet wipes (so meteoric that the sewer systems of D.C., New York, San Francisco, and a bunch of other major cities have been crippled by their bogus flushability), the entry of Japanese toilet giant Toto Ltd. into the American market,

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / BCFC

and the fact that even our illiterate president has a bidet, and it should be no small wonder that “anal” is one of the fastest growing categories of porn. Even Gwyneth Paltrow’s ultra-bourgie website goop.com has published an instructional primer.

The nation’s asses are prepped for entry.

■■■

MY OWN initiation into the brown arts came in 1997, the same year as the “analingus” note incident, while fingering my goth girlfriend under the folds of her trench coat in the back row of our psychology class, as was our custom. In attempting to navigate the wrist-breaking route down the waistband of her buttoned jeans to her twathole (invariably about two inches further back than expected) my hand overshot its mark and came in touch with a dry, unfamiliar orifice. After scream-whispering the perfunctory “Wrong hole!” to me and everyone else in earshot, she caught the forearm of my hastily retreating limb and said, “Wait, that felt kinda good.”

A few weeks into our newfound anal antics, she tried to return the favor during a blowjob in one of our parents’ basements, jamming her unlubricated index finger into my ass with a speed and forcefulness shocking for the possessor of a vagina. It felt like she was using a Lego. Without weighing the issues of technique at play, I snap-decided that my asshole made a better egress than a point of entry.

IT’S A WEIRD THING AS A STRAIGHT GUY TO HAVE YOUR ASS DESIRED.

It took close to two decades from this false start for me to find another partner interested in reciprocal buttplay. During our second time in bed, I made the lucky guess of sliding my tongue unbidden into her spread ass and was met with an enthusiastically hissed “Yesssssssssssss.” From there we moved on to regular anal sex, which I realized in terms of pleasure was a far more bottom-oriented endeavor than I’d always assumed.

In one of his stories from *Music for Chameleons,* Truman Capote recounts a possibly (but hopefully not!) apocryphal hitchhiking trip in the 1940s or 50s during which he convinced an erstwhile straight country bumpkin to ream him in his pickup truck. The hick commented in flagrante delicto, “Well, I understand why this is fun for me, but I don’t see what you’re getting out of it.” Though I’d chortled derisively at this passage (it’s called the prostate, you boob), when it came to hetero buttfucking, I held a similarly provincial view.

Raised a Cobain-style male feminist in the “castrate rapists” heyday of the sexually progressive 1990s, anal seemed to me like exactly the kind of unfairly one-sided sex act an unenlightened male would bully his partner into and which a girl would only volunteer for to gratify masochistic cravings stemming from previous trauma, or as a “favor,” underscoring the transactional nature of the sexual power dynamic and the female body’s role as commodity. (For years I had the same college-boy problem with blowjobs—thanks a lot, Kurt.)

Watching a woman groan and writhe in genuine pleasure from my cock up her keister was a political revelation as well as an anatomical one. The proximity of the anal canal to the back walls of the vagina makes for a sort of internal dry-humping complemented nicely by the balls clanging against the clit from behind. Also, once you’ve cleared the opening ring of anal muscles, the inner ass is large enough to comfortably accommodate most sizes and shapes.

The other edge of this sword, however, is that without a source of friction past the sphincter, it can be incredibly difficult to come. It’s like trying to jack yourself off with a cock ring. Oftentimes I’ll pull back until the ring is squeezing that wrinkly, hypersensitive patch of leftover foreskin under the head and just sorta micro-thrust it right there until the orgasm starts.

One night, as the semen dripped quietly from my lady’s well-worked asshole onto the sheets, she turned her head and broke the post-concupiscent haze by saying, “Next time I get to do it to you.” Memories of the Lego-block finger-bang resurfaced for the first time in years, raising a slight alarm. But this was quickly drowned out by a rush of horny anticipation.

The novelty of the situation was arousing on its own, as was being able to apply the pleasure I’d watched her experience while getting reamed directly to my own derriere. And of course there’s that ultimate hetero transgression of going from the fucker to the fucked. Strangely, though, the biggest mental kink was the sensation of being objectified. Being physically penetrated was nowhere near as feminizing as submitting my body passively to another’s excitement, of allowing myself to become a piece of ass. It’s a weird thing as a straight guy to have your ass desired. The concept of a woman being turned-on by my ass to the point of wanting to put things inside it was as taboo a thought as her wanting things inside her own.

The first time I let my girlfriend fuck me was all right. The strap-on she used had a beige-ish harness which made it look like a piece of medical apparatus and not a black patent-leather sex toy that screams “Hey! This is a fetish! Looks at us fetishists here indulging in our fetish!” The business end was on the larger side, but she was liberal with the lubrication and put it in very s-l-o-w-l-y and deliberately, just like all the experts tell you. I liked the dull ache that pulsed through my lower pelvis, but mostly I got off on how much she was enjoying it.

The second time she fucked me, the dildo dinged my prostate and I came like a milk truck hitting a fire hydrant. Nothing I’d heard about the “male G spot” prepared me for this orgasm. It flushed through my whole torso and shot tingles down my limbs. Jizz exploded in all directions, not in the usual contiguous wads, but hundreds of little airborne droplets. A few made it to the ceiling. I’m not sure how long it lasted, but once I came down I wasn’t overtaken by the usual post-ejaculatory urge to nap; I was filled with a soft, vibrating form of energy that made me talk in a low, fry-heavy register, à la FM radio’s Delilah. I felt like I’d been rewired.

Before my sphincter had time to ungape, I was on the phone ready to share the gospel with my straight friends and trade

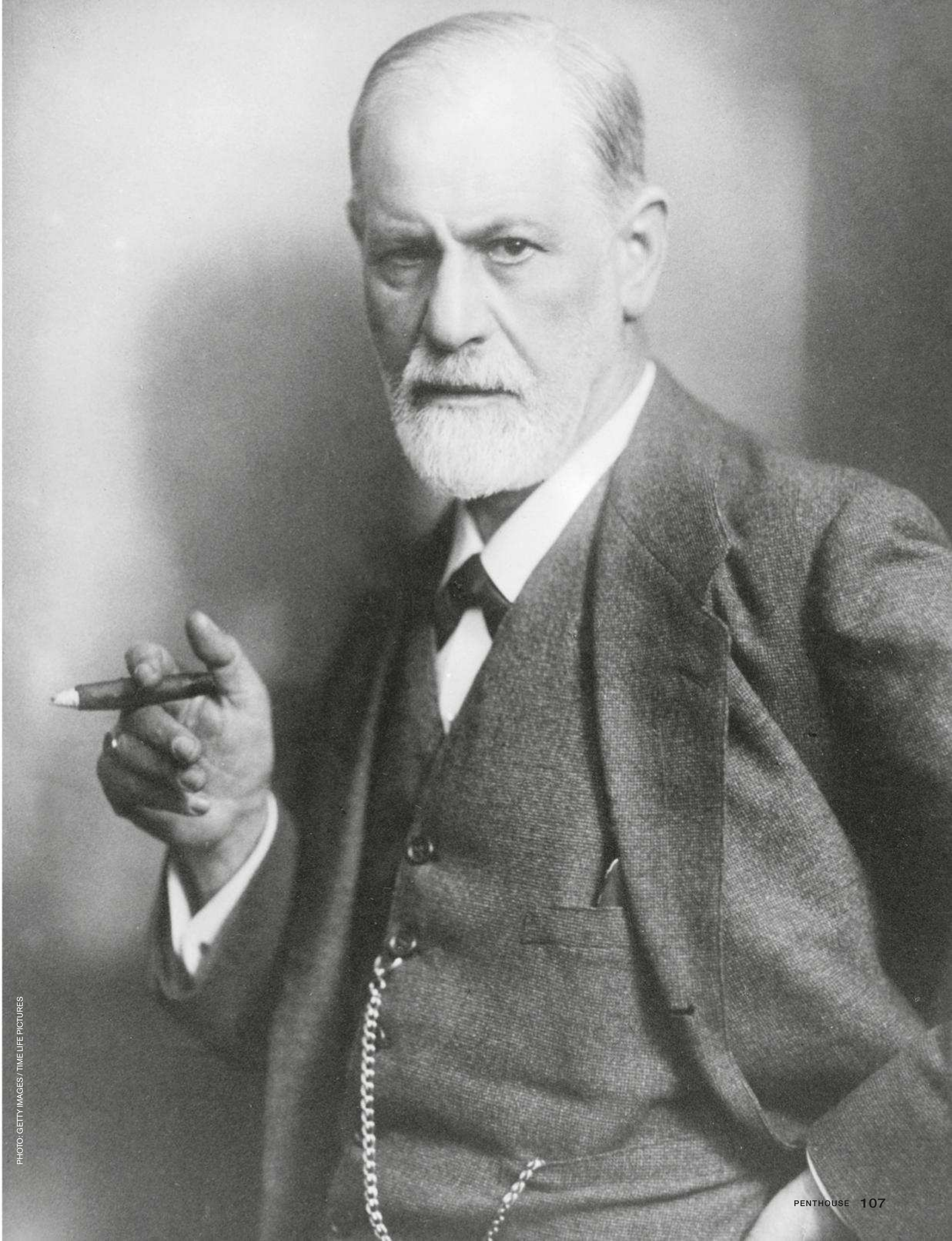


PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / TIME LIFE PICTURES notes with the gays. To my gasping dismay, almost none of my gay friends had taken it in their own rear. Even the most patronizingly debauched, anti-vanilla circuit queens were in awe of me—ME, a breeder. It was like the end of that “nudge-nudge, wink-wink” Monty Python sketch when the nosey perv goes, “What’s it like?”

Concerned that I’d befriended so many square queers, I checked the stats and learned that the percentage of homosexual men who do anal hovers around half or less. Even among those who do partake, there’s a disproportion of tops to bottoms that rivals Alaska’s ratio of men to women. I saw this for myself a few years later at Provincetown’s Bear Week at the tip of Cape Cod.

Beneath the deck of the Boatslip Inn, basically the town’s gay consulate, is a nightly cruise called the Dick Dock where even the most unsightly hunchback can get laid. When I walked through I witnessed countless blowjobs, handjobs, rimjobs, as well as full-anal twosomes, threesomes, and foursomes amid the shadows and the sand. The pièce de resistance, however, was a 28some that took up nearly half the dock’s space.

I should clarify: This doesn’t mean 28 cocks were up 28 butts. Most of the men were crowded in a tight semicircle facing the same way, tugging themselves and/or their neighbors as they waited for one of the THREE bottoms at the focus to open up. Because the easily-tearable skin of the anal cavity makes it the easiest route of transmission for the HIV virus, bottoms in the gay community were hit the hardest by AIDS. And while the crisis has mercifully abated since the nineties plague days, their ranks still haven’t fully recovered, whether by dint of lingering fear or the lack of veteran powerbottoms to mentor fresh charges.

When I got back from Ptown, one of my sluttiest gay friends called me and, in seeming parody of the call I’d made to him after losing my backdoor virginity, loudly gushed that he’d let a scruff date give it to him in the cake. My first conversion.

■■■

THIRTY years ago, the American public was so resolutely opposed to rear entry they considered a single photograph by Robert Mapplethorpe of a bullwhip lodged in a man’s muscular bottom ample justification to completely end federal funding for the arts. It’s a testament to how far we’ve come in three decades that what literary theorist Leo Bersani once described as “the seductive and intolerable image of a grown man, legs high in the air, unable to refuse the suicidal ecstasy of being a woman” has gone from the climactic horror of William Friedkin’s *Cruising* to an accepted act of romance in mainstream media.

For practically the whole of Judeo-Christian civilization—ever since God torched Sodom and its presumably butt-loving sister city Gomorrah—there’s been no more benighted figure than the passive participant in anal sex. “To be penetrated is to abdicate power,” Bersani also wrote. “The rectum is the grave in which the masculine ideal...of proud subjectivity is buried.” To voluntarily give up power, it should be said, is a different can of fish than having it taken, and requires having it in the first place.

Perhaps more than simply pushing this nation’s sexual boundaries out another base length, this generation’s anal craze has helped demolish the notion of sexual agency as a strictly masculine trait, and taught us that the greatest thrill doesn’t always lie in exercising control or authority over someone else’s or even your own body, but in relinquishing it.

THOMAS MORTON writes and edits for VICE Magazine and makes online documentaries, including a series called “Balls Deep” (Viceland), which Michelle Obama appeared on but refused to say its name.

PAST THE ASS

IN A WORLD where anal fisting is just another category on *Family Feud*, what taboos are left for the sexual transgressive to thrust their perforated member through?

COPROPHAGIA: Eating ass on the regular inevitably means winding up with a little piece of feces in your mouth. This is NBD and should never be made a BD about, but it is definitely a bug and not a feature. Modern medicine has come around to the probiotic benefits of transferring human shit from one person to another, but to do so for pleasure requires a particularly German damn-the-rules savoir faire.

TRAMPLING: As popularized by conceptual artist Vito Acconci (RIP) and New York fetish-party staple the Human Carpet, trampling is when you get off from having people step on you. Every tramplist has their own predilection for footwear or standing place, but stilettos and the genital area seem to be the most popular. Given the increasing frequency of mass panic-induced stampedes in the United States, this could become one of the more convenient fetishes for the twenty-first century.

LABIA ELONGATION: This is hot in Uganda, especially among women from the Tooro Kingdom. To stretch their pussy lips into the ideal droopy shape (which is called—and I’m being 100 percent serious here— their “twin towers,” as in the ones that fell on September 11), Tooro moms begin a nightly regimen of gently but firmly tugging on their daughters’ labes until they’re old enough to do it themselves. Women who missed out on this rite of passage in their youth can pay a professional twin-tower elongator to bring their lips up to speed. This supposedly aids in female ejaculation (also popular), although its primary function is aesthetic. As they say in the royal capital of Ft. Portal, “a pussy without lips is like a window with drapes.” We promise it sounds prettier in Tooro.

FROTTAGE: Also known as the Princeton Rub and Freshman First Base, this is where a guy rubs his dick between someone else’s thighs or under their armpit or anywhere else that isn’t usually considered an erogenous zone (titty-fucking doesn’t count). On its own it’s not especially taboo, but imagine being really into frotting. Like that’s your “thing.” You’d be the most perverse chap at the circuit party (unless the Human Carpet shows up).

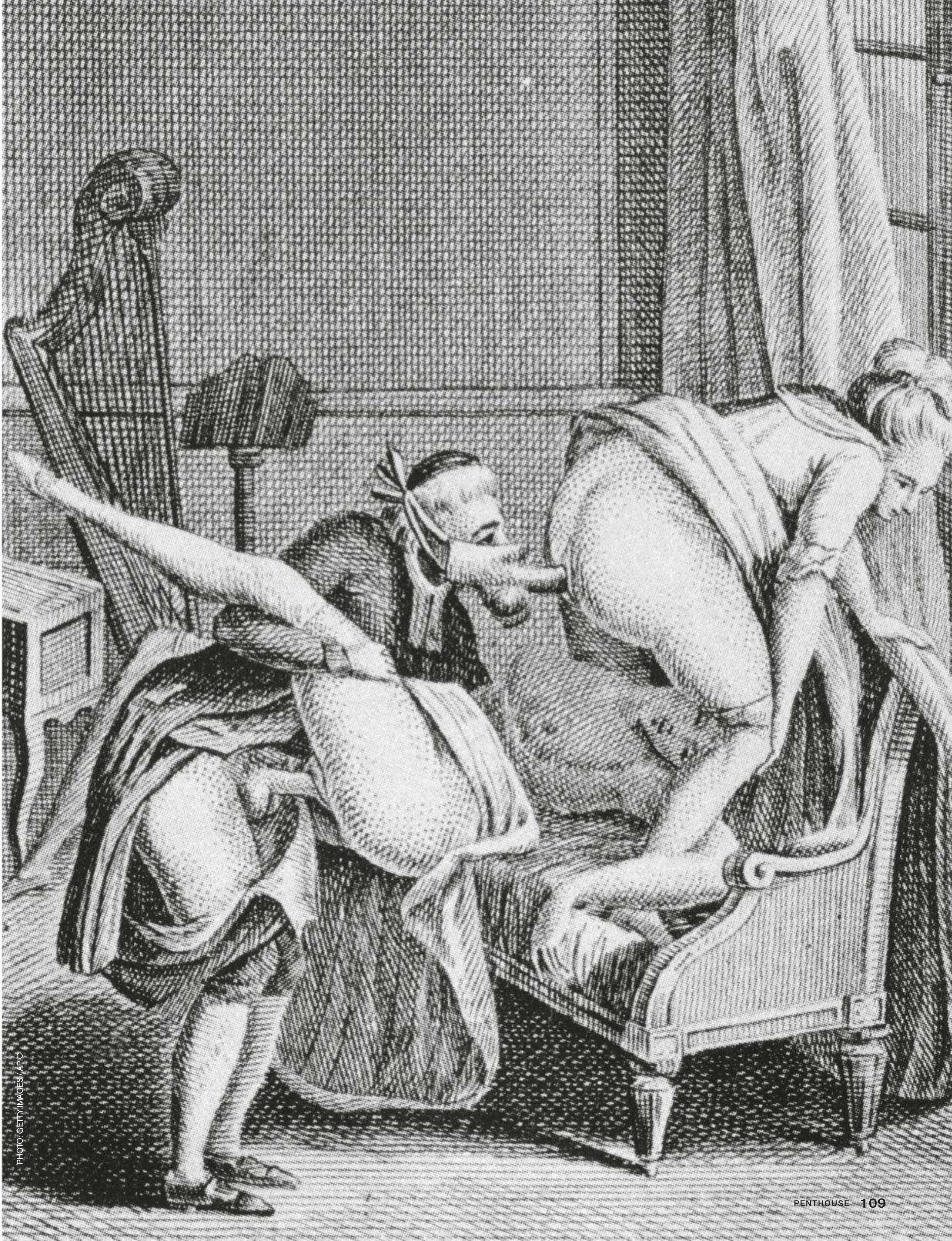


PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES/APIC

JUST SAY NO

ONE COMEDIAN'S ARGUMENTS AGAINST WHAT WE WERE TAUGHT TO BELIEVE.

BY JOE DEROSA

HAVE you shamed anyone lately? I sure haven't. It's not that I don't want to. See, I myself am shameful. Therefore, I would love to shame others. It'd make me feel better about myself: my attitude, physique, mental state, and every other part of me that's riddled with shortcomings. I've always had one simple philosophy in life: Why try to climb up to their level if you can drag them all down to yours? The latter is much easier. Unfortunately, it's a strategy that gets condemned these days. We're all supposed to be uplifting one another—never labeling, never judging, never asking, "Why the fuck did so many of you think *How I Met Your Mother* was a good TV show? Because it reminded you of yourself and your friends?" It reminded me of all of you, too. It was fucking inane and boring.

NEVER DO A DRUG WHOSE NAME SOUNDS LIKE AN OLD BURT REYNOLDS MOVIE. "CHINA WHITE," "ROCKET FUEL," AND "SUPER ICE" ALL COME TO MIND.

I should clarify: I'm not of the opinion that acceptance is a dirty word. I actually think it's terrific to finally live in an age where we try to say "Welcome" before we say "Ew." No, this isn't a think piece, longing for a simpler time when folks used to "call a spade a spade" and weren't afraid to "shoot from the hip." And yes, despite the fact that it's an old cliché, I was nervous about typing the word "spade" just then. In any case, I'm writing this not to condemn shaming, but to ask why drugs didn't get the same hall pass that fat people, crazy people, slutty people, and *people playing clarinet on the street for money as if it were an actual job* did.

Drugs are the one thing people can still turn their noses up at without anybody getting offended or pitching a fit. For Christ's sakes, even the drug users don't stand up for themselves. They walk around shamefully at parties, referring to their favorite substances as "shit," requesting them with whispers through clenched teeth. Ever see a guy talking like a ventriloquist at a get-together? He's trying to score blow.

It all stems from a health-conscious movement that started many, many moons ago. When I was six years old, way back in 1982, Nancy Reagan—amongst the array of her other boner-killing behaviors—told a bunch of grade-school kids in Oakland, California, that when it came to drugs, they should "JUST SAY NO." Drugs would ruin them. And goddamnit, it stuck.

That anti-fun philosophy was nationally drilled into the minds of children for the next ten years. Many of us then feared that one puff of weed would turn our brains into fried eggs, or that—God forbid—one line of coke would cause our hearts to explode, spewing blood fountains from our chests. It wasn't that *certain* drugs were bad, it was that *all* drugs were bad. Equally. None was better than the next. So I steered clear of anything smoked, sniffed, popped, or huffed. Until I went to college.

It was spring 1995 when marijuana first entered my lungs, turning a visit to an ATM into a hilarious, breath-stealing adventure—the buttons were SO BIG!—and elevating the French Toast Slam at Denny's into an orgasmic, quite possibly religious, experience. That next spring I tried mushrooms. And acid. And then mushrooms again.

The following fall, I sat up in my dorm room bed and said to my roommate Jerry, "Dude, do you realize that we do drugs?" We cackled in agreement. Here we were, knee-deep in the muck that every adult had warned us to avoid, and we were fine. We had good GPAs, we showered regularly, we weren't ever caught up in late-night, back-alley transactions, and, best of all, neither

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / LAWRENCE SCHILLER

of us had resorted to prostituting ourselves to feed the monkey. And here I am now, 40 years into my life, still someone who enjoys some recreational funny stuff now and then, without one single occurrence of drug-related job loss, money problems, failed relationships, or missed deadlines. I even delivered this article three days early.

I should clarify something else: I don't think all drugs are equal. There are a few—I call them the Big Four—that I avoid at all costs: heroin, crack, meth, and angel dust. Why? Because those are the ones that actually do horrific shit to people, like kill them. Here's a rule: Once Hollywood makes a bunch of TV shows and movies about a certain drug, you should steer clear. There's no such thing as "a little light PCP."

Now, I know a lot of you are wondering, *But what about cocaine?* Well, I, for one, don't think it's that dangerous a drug if you can manage to use it responsibly. Every overdose story I've ever heard started with, "He passed out." Never heard one that went, "He was awake all night talking about how the *Star Wars* prequels were actually pretty decent, then he died." And as much as you're thinking *John Belushi!* right now, no. He mixed cocaine and heroin. That's called a speedball, which just sounds bad.

Here's another rule: Never do a drug whose name sounds like an old Burt Reynolds movie. "China White," "Rocket Fuel," and "Super Ice" all come to mind.

So drugs can ruin—or, more importantly, end—your life. But not all of them, which is why I don't understand why there's such a stigma attached to anything heavier than pot. (By the way, pot is legal, or just about legal everywhere now, so it doesn't really count in the drug discussion anymore.) As for the others, if you choose to believe that the use of such unspeakable products will destroy any semblance of your own personal stability, fine. But shame is shame, fair and square.

If a person is morbidly obese because they think cookie-covered frozen yogurt is a breakfast option and none of us should exclaim "Gross!" as they fill their entire mouth with utter crap, fine. But then none of us should call someone creepy who chooses to fill just one single solitary nostril with a magical, fat-free powder that makes them feel like the Flash. After all, who stands a greater chance of ruining their life: the person who pops the occasional Molly pill so they can finally appreciate those Pink Floyd albums, or the person who won't take the coffee shop job because it will stifle their true calling of writing a zero-salary, vegan-centric blog?

Actually, they might just be the same person. What a shame.

JOE DEROSA is an L.A.-based comedian, writer, director, and actor (Better Call Saul, Louie). His stand-up is available online, along with his podcasts, We'll See You In Hell and Emotional Hangs.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / ROMOLO TAVANI

EMBRACE THE SUCK

THE MOTHER OF ALL OBSESSIONS

FOR ONE BIZARRE SPRING DAY IN 2017, AMERICA REMEMBERED ITS WAR RAGING IN AFGHANISTAN.

BY MATT GALLAGHER

IT TOOK a giant-ass bomb for it to happen—the Mother of All Bombs, actually, or the MOAB. Its technical name is the GBU-42/B Massive Ordnance Air Blast, a large-yield bomb that weighs in at a healthy 21,600 pounds, and at the time of its conception and development was the largest non-nuke in the American arsenal. Military folks have known about it for over a decade now, and a small percentage of servicemembers have even seen it tested. But it took the first use of the MOAB in combat for it to enter the national consciousness. In the process, it returned our nation's longest-ever (and still ongoing) war to the forefront, too.

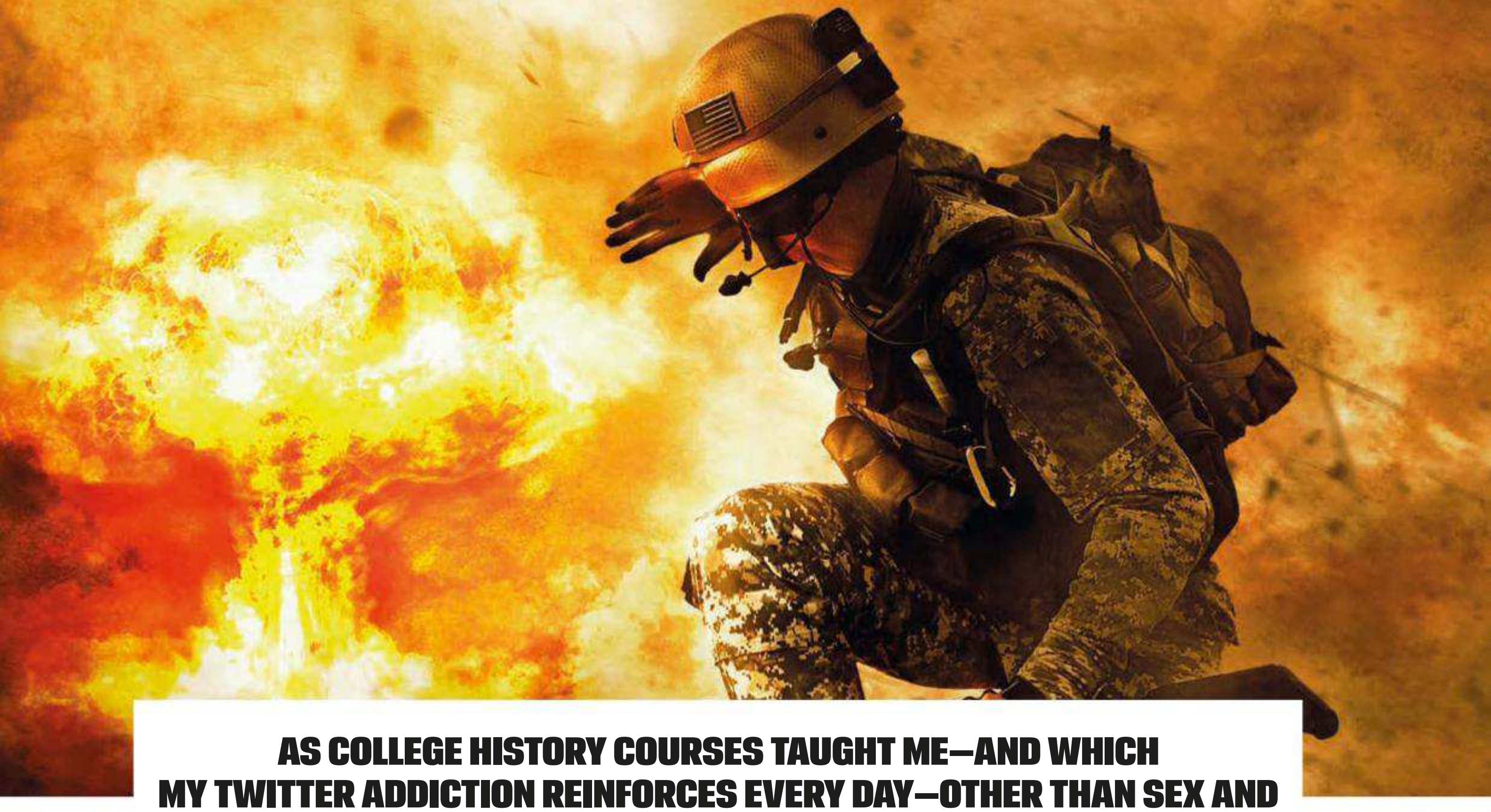
It did so with style. There was much, much handwringing about using the MOAB to target mountain tunnels being used by ISIS's affiliate in Afghanistan. There were creepy declarations of love by newscasters to the beauty of its mass destruction. There were even debates about the gender specificity of the term "Mother" in the MOAB nickname. More than anything, though, it seemed like a society and culture obsessed with arguing about the presidential election (still) and critiquing a Pepsi ad featuring another goddamn Kardashian was cocking its head toward the distant Silk Road and asking itself, "Wait—we're still fighting over there? Why?"

As college history courses taught me—and which my Twitter addiction reinforces every day—other than sex and guilt, there ain't a more American fetish than violence. We relish it, especially if it involves spectacle. Double if that spectacle is big and unprecedented.

The MOAB sure offered spectacle. Big spectacle. Big, unprecedented spectacle.

For one: The MOAB had never been used "for real" before. For two: The decision to utilize it had been turned over to the military brass in eastern Afghanistan rather than emanating from the White House. For three: Let's face it, MOAB is a fucking sweet nickname. Say it out loud, to yourself, to your dog, to your cat, to your imaginary friend Jill. You feel in the know, right? Acronyms that go boom do that.

Anywhere from thirty to ninety ISIS militants were killed in the blast, according to early reports, though it'll probably take months for identities and exact numbers to emerge.



AS COLLEGE HISTORY COURSES TAUGHT ME—AND WHICH MY TWITTER ADDICTION REINFORCES EVERY DAY—OTHER THAN SEX AND GUILT, THERE AIN'T A MORE AMERICAN FETISH THAN VIOLENCE.

Same goes for the damage report to the mountain tunnel complex. It was a tactical and operational decision that carried with it strategic-level consequences—nothing new in the age of the Forever War, I suppose.

There's a lot to unpack here. I'll start with the strange reactions stateside. It wasn't that a bomb was dropped "over there"—that's damn near a daily occurrence nowadays and American society as a whole stopped even feigning interest about "over there" years ago. What offended, or titillated, or thrilled, or horrified, or whatever, was the size of the bomb and its previous non-use. Which, okay, sure—this is yet another norm established, and that's no small thing with a petulant, baby-handed Cheeto jester in charge of the free world. (I'm one of *those* types mentioned above that's still not over it. But—just because I'm a hypocrite doesn't make me wrong! Anyhow.)

Had the bomb's impact/blast radius/size/etc. been separated into two, or three, or a hundred smaller bombs, would that have made it less violent somehow? More peaceful, less…warlike? Of course not. And plenty of bombings like that have happened in recent months and years, from Afghanistan to Iraq and beyond. Which is why so much of the antiwar left's shrillness in the aftermath of the MOAB sounded so empty and contrived. At best, this means they haven't been paying attention. At worst, they're capitalizing on a newsworthy event to make counter-news, which is all sorts of terrible.

Meanwhile, on the right, there was red, white, and emo glee. I turned on Fox News for twenty minutes and I swear I saw four different middle-aged white guys make an O-face as they talked about the MOAB. In a basic-logic sort of way, it proved Trump's campaign promise to bomb the hell out of ISIS, and STRONG WORDS plus BIG BOMB seemed to make a mess of these jokers' pants. (Did any of them serve in the military when they were young? Of course not! They had cable-news careers to prepare for.)

Call me a hippie if you want, but personally, I think it's okay to A) acknowledge we live in the country that controls things like the MOAB and be glad for it, and B) still think it's the decent human response to be somber about something as incredibly destructive as the MOAB being dropped on people, even if those people are enemy combatants.

Then there's what the MOAB portends about military decisions going forward. "Leave it to the generals" has been a political talking point since at least the Reagan era, but that whole civilians-remain-in-charge thing is a bedrock of our republic. Lincoln had to fire McClellan to remind him of it, and Truman had to do the same with MacArthur, but both generals took it on the chin and saved the bitching for their memoirs.

What happens when the commander in chief delegates duties, though? General John Nicholson made the decision to drop the MOAB—he alerted the White House to it, true enough, but mostly as a courtesy. Proponents of this approach will cite Trump's "total authorization" approach. Critics like this skinny Irish gadfly will wonder if it's not a shirking of responsibility. Gloat when it goes well, blame the generals when it doesn't. As evidenced by the media response and the public interest, this wasn't just another mission. There's a few reasons this hasn't happened before despite the MOAB being developed a decade-plus ago.

We're a long way from "The Buck Stops Here." Regardless, the next time a MOAB gets dropped, it's worth wondering how the citizens who paid for it will respond. If history holds, a collective shrug seems all too likely. Another new normal. All the while, war in Afghanistan holds.

MATT GALLAGHER is a U.S. Army veteran of Iraq and the author of the novel Youngblood (Atria/Simon & Schuster).

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SHOCK AND AWWWWW

CyberCutie Jeanie Marie Sullivan is a ballsy little troublemaker who gets off on her own freak show. Since she's always down to astound, we threw her a couple of challenges—mainly involving a sex chair, a few feet of plastic wrap, and a medical nipple-pinchery thing.

Photography: TommyO

Vital Stats:

34-26-32 | 5'6"

Hometown:

Las Vegas

What's the most powerful thing you've ever done?

I'm a big advocate of celebrating the female form in all its power. I directed a movie, *Intimate Encounters 3*: *Naked and Beautiful*. It was originally made for Adam & Eve, but crossed over to Showtime. It was nominated for a few awards, too. I want to celebrate sex. Sex is the biggest translator of power.

You're clearly an exhibitionist. Have you always craved an audience?

When I was a kid, I loved shock value. I used to get these rubber snakes and hide them in the house to freak out my mom. She would screech and scream. I loved that I had the power to control someone's reaction.

I bet you drove your parents crazy.

My dad actually loved the snake prank so much that he ended up buying me twelve garter snakes. One day, I let them all go in the house. My mom was beside herself. She was losing her mind between the real snakes and the rubber ones.

You have a thing for reptiles?

I've always been attracted to strange and dangerous pets. I have no problem with snakes, spiders, or cockroaches. I've handled a few Nile monitor lizards. I really want a Serval cat. They are these beautiful, wild cats from Africa.

What happens when you bring home a dude to a house full of terrifying pets?

My boyfriend is not a fan, so I don't have exotic pets right now. He's hot–I don't want to scare him away.

Check out Jeanie's live shows daily at Chaturbate.com/ insidejeanie or see more at Penthouse.com

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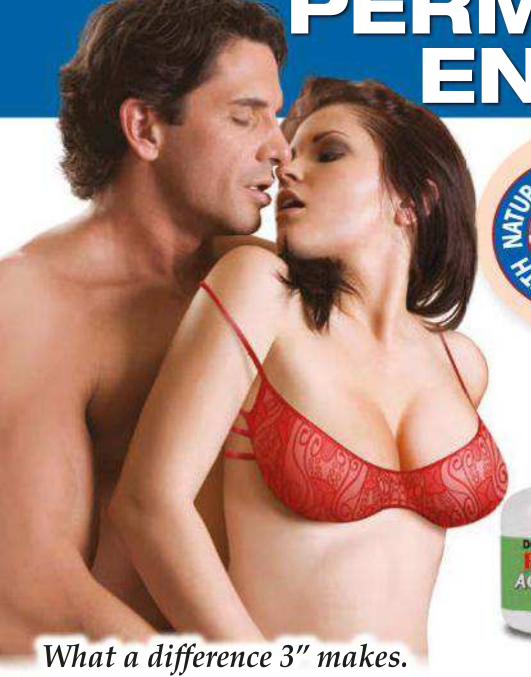

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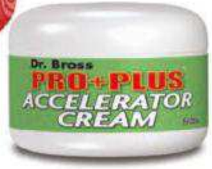

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V118

THE CAT LADYMAN

DEAR *Penthouse,*

When I was going through my divorce, I met Cat Ladyman on one of those online dating sites—Plenty of Flakes or OKStupid. I was taking my three-year-old daughter to the Huckleberry Festival, and he met me there. He had a son the same age, so why not make things extra complicated?

After a few hours of melting in the sweltering heat, he invited me to his house. He was super cute and had an aboveground pool. So, again, why not?

The house was funky—a 1970s feel and a jacuzzi in the master bedroom. It looked like something out of a retro porn movie. It could have been an actual set if not for the cat hair (and stank).

He had four cats, and there was hair fucking EVERYWHERE! I don't understand having four of anything: four cars, four homes, four kids, four dogs, and especially four freakin' cats! The pool, however, looked amazing, so I decided to overlook this oddity.

After a brief dip, I put my daughter down in his son's room for a nap while Cat Ladyman set his boy up with an iPad. Then he and I crept down to the basement and made out like horny

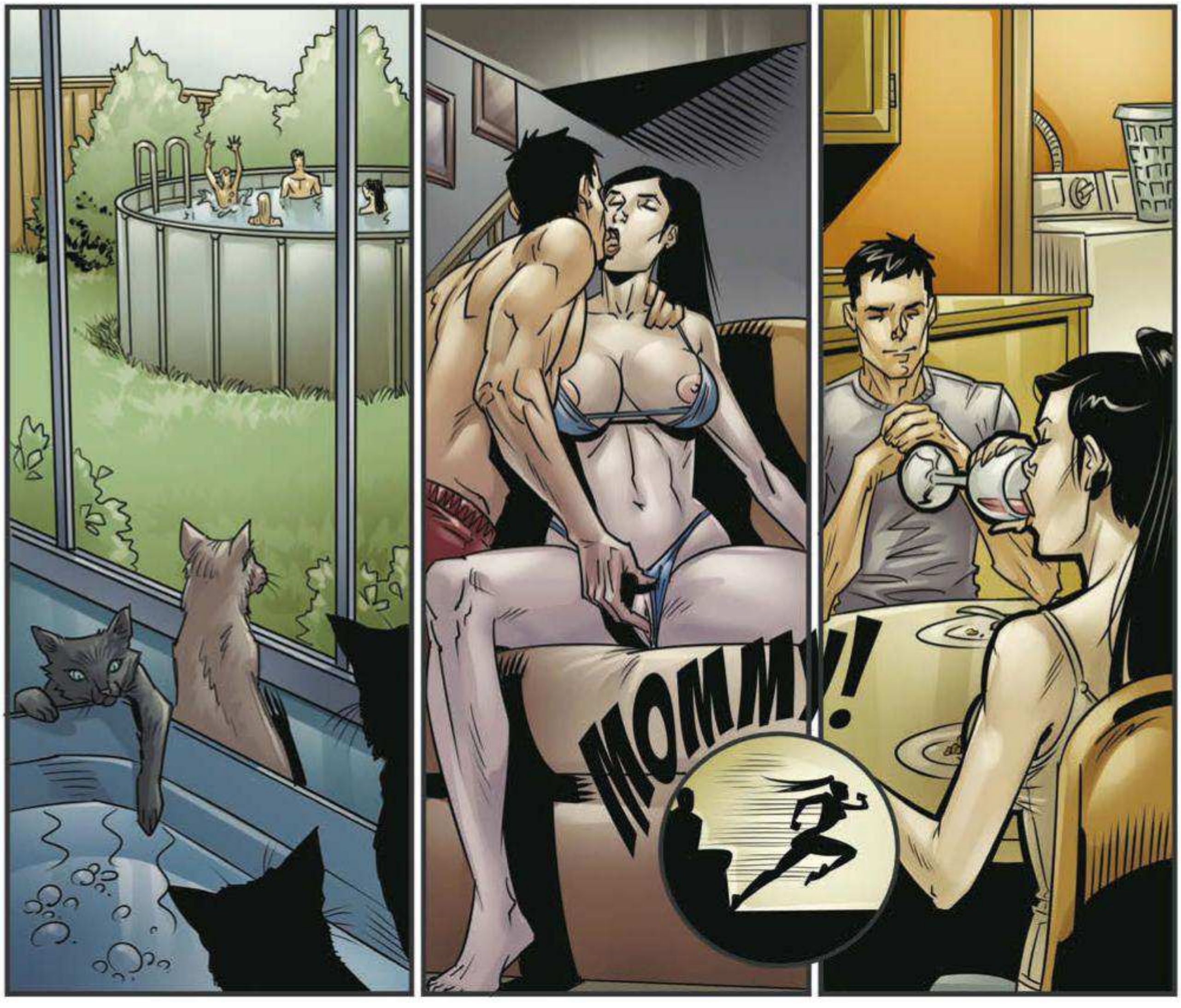
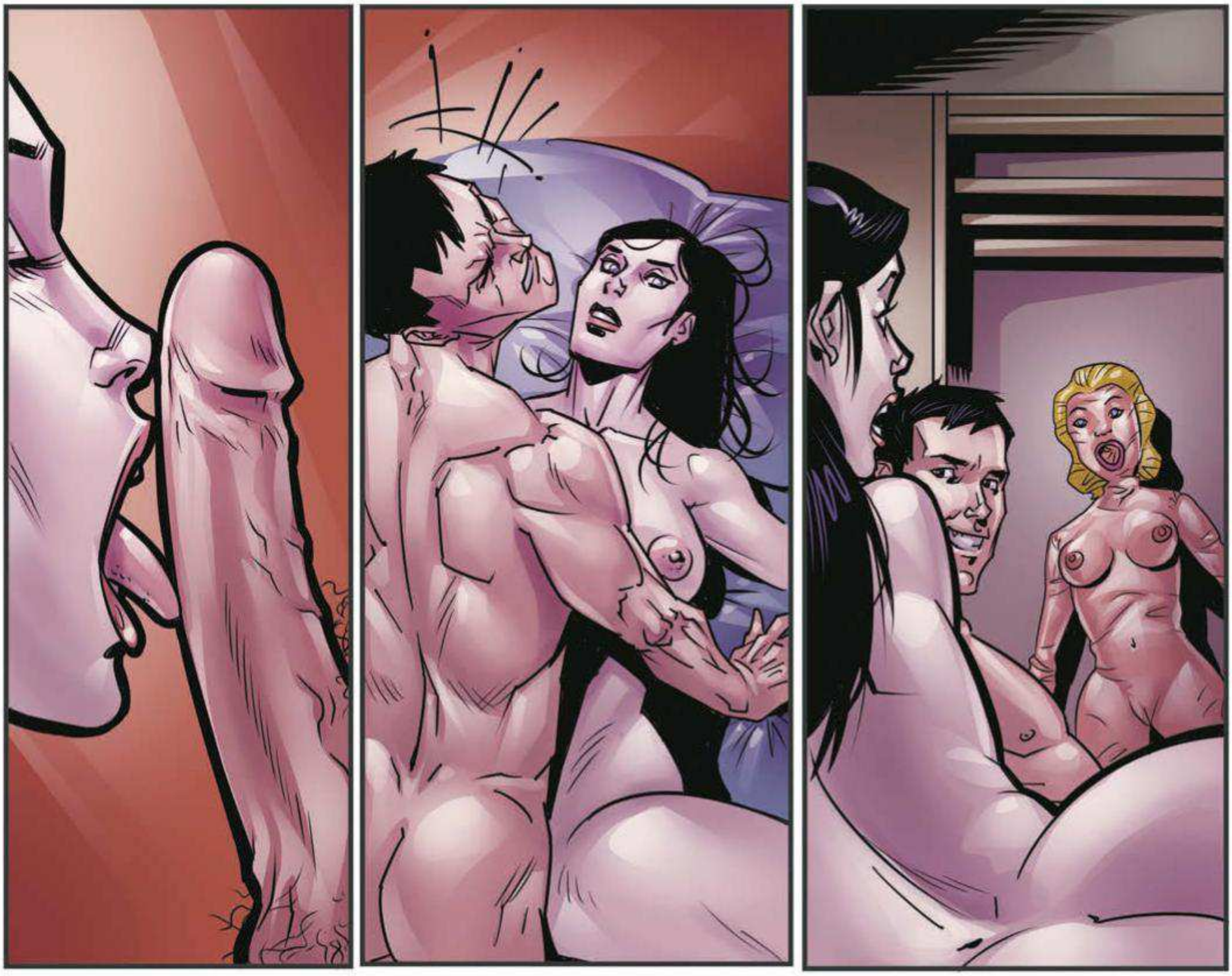


ILLUSTRATION BY JASON JOHNSON



teenagers. He was a very passionate kisser—a bit too much tongue, but whatever. He licked and teased my hard nipples, peeking them in and out of my bikini top. I was getting so wet.

Right on cue, he slid my bikini bottoms to the side, played with my clit, and started finger-banging me. I came so hard with his two fingers inside me hitting just the right spot. That was right about the time I heard my daughter's voice from upstairs. I went into Mommy mode, leaving him scrambling for his shorts while I shot upstairs.

There would be no interruptions for our next date: just me, him, and a few loads of laundry. (It's amazing how appealing wine and a washer/dryer combo is to a single mom.) I did a few loads in the cat room next to the creepy cat condo while he cooked us dinner. The whole scene reminded me of a Stephen King story. I finished the laundry and went to join my date in the kitchen for dinner and too many glasses of wine.

After my third glass of Riesling he led me to his bedroom. He slowly undressed me, kissing my neck and sucking on my tits while rubbing my clit through my wet panties. Taking control, I made my way down to his hard cock standing at attention. I circled my tongue around the head and up and down his shaft until he declared that it was time to fuck or he would explode.

I slipped my panties off and he entered me slowly at first… then he rammed me so fast I had high school flashbacks. Thankfully, I was able to get off by rubbing myself and thinking of someone else. He pounded me a few more times, screamed that he was coming, then rolled off me, breathless and satisfied. Glad one of us was impressed.

I rolled over and happened to notice something in the corner of his closet. Was it a mask? "What the fuck is that?" I asked.

"Oh, that's Betty," he said, without the slightest trace of irony or humor. "Would you like meet her?"

Betty had been watching us the whole time. Now, I'm no prude by any stretch, but Cat Ladyman's blowup doll—deflated, rumpled, and sad in the closet, just staring—creeped me the fuck out. Was it a leftover souvenir from a bachelor party? A gag gift for his birthday? Or did he really blow this damn thing up and fuck it?

We fizzled out quickly after that, but I'm still pulling cat hair out of my laundry.

—Sandy V., Gorge, Oregon

DANGEROUS GAME

Aspen Rae and Niki Skyler are in too deep, playing a dangerous game that only one can finish. The immortal puppet master lurking in the shadows. Anonymous. Pulling strings. Playing out a dark fantasy. In the end, there can only be one—shit…sorry. That's from *Highlander*. It has nothing to do with these photos.

Photography: Tammy Sands

SEE MORE OF ASPEN AND NIKI
AT PENTHOUSE.COM

PELICAN

ULTIMATE EARS WONDERBOOM

BY RAPHIE ARONOWITZ

MY relationship with music got off to a pretty rocky start. I'm not sure if it's just me, but I had no control over the radio growing up—that was strictly my mom's domain. Sure, she meant well, but my young ears were abused by the *Annie* soundtrack ad nauseam in the early eighties. Shit got a little better a year later when the soundscape of the Aronowitz household was dominated by *Flashdance,* but not much. (Come to think of it, I can probably attribute my lightweight welding fetish to that movie, but I digress.)

I didn't really understand the magic of music until I got my own system and was allowed to buy records, tapes, and (eventually) CDs with my allowance money. That's when it hit me: Music is awesome. (Only certain types of music suck… like show tunes, and Chinese opera.)

And so it began: My youthful experiments with sound. The Art of Noise, Iron Maiden, Kool Moe Dee—blasting on my stereo. Helping me get through my homework, girl problems, and garden-variety teen angst.

But my newfound love affair didn't really hit its stride until the advent of the iPod in 2001—that clunky, wonderful, funny-looking device with shitty little headphones that forever changed my relationship with music. Not only was my catalogue now incredibly portable, but I could make playlists—monster mixtapes categorized by mood and genre. It wasn't long, however, before I found myself wanting more. Needing more.

I NOW REALIZE THAT I HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO SEE IF THE WONDERBOOM WOULD PASS THE PET SHOWER TEST, BUT I FUCKED THAT ONE UP AS WELL.

Even with the iPod, I was still forced to listen on headphones or by plugging into immovable sound systems. Then streaming came along and fucked everything up even more. My playlists were outdated, the iPod was all but obsolete, and I either had to spend a small fortune to feed my music fix through iTunes, or evolve and start all over with some uppity bitch called Spotify. And evolve I did, but something was still missing.

That's when I met the Wonderboom portable Bluetooth speaker, the latest release from the Swiss geniuses at Ultimate Ears. Sure, she's short, round, and stubby, but she fucking rocks! Not since the iPod has an invention so profoundly affected my life and listening habits. I bring my music everywhere—be it from room to room, indoors to outdoors, or around the globe. I am no longer a victim of crappy hotel docking stations, music-less pools, or silence in general.

The Wonderboom may be small, but it has a full sound and bumps big, beautiful bass. It has ten hours of battery life and is waterproof, so you can take it pretty much anywhere. Plus, if you're feeling kinda loose, you can tether two Wonderbooms together and live your life in full surround.

I would love to say that I road tested the Wonderboom in some type of demented *Penthouse* way, but alas, I was rather uncreative with it. I should have tested it at the Pet Pool Party we threw in early spring, but I didn't. I should have experimented to see if "waterproof" also means "lube proof," but I didn't do that either. And I now realize that I had an opportunity to see if the Wonderboom would pass the Pet Shower Test (whatever that is), but I fucked that one up as well.

Instead, I paired two Wonderbooms with my iPhone and blasted music in my office while I worked. I closed the door and kept ratcheting up the volume to see if I could get these things loud enough for someone to complain…and it didn't take long. Apparently, the art department needs to actually concentrate on whatever bullshit they do, and my Tuvan Throat Remix playlist was ruining their focus. Oh well. I lowered the volume and still enjoyed the big sound filling my big office all by my big self.

That is until Rhonda walked in. I forget what she was there for—perhaps to remind me that I suck, or give me the finger, or call me a loser…the typical Rhonda fare. But instead, she looked up at the speakers, smiled, plopped down on my couch, and tried to strike up a normal conversation.

What? I listen to music so I don't have to listen to people… and one of the worst of them was actually trying to connect with me over what I was listening to and how amazing it sounded. I felt like I was trapped in a paradox, spinning in an endless Rhonda loop.

I guess that's the only negative thing I have to say about the Wonderboom…that it attracts Rhondas who never leave your office…ever. In fact, I bet she's in my office at this very moment. Sitting on my couch. Listening to my music. Stupid Rhonda.

Ultimate Ears Wonderboom **$100**
ultimateears.com

PHOTO: MO REESE

BALL HANDLER

DIVORCE sucks at first, but once you get back into the dating game, it's pretty amazing. Women really do peak sexually much later than men.

I met Trish at the bar down the street from my apartment. She was waiting for a friend, and we started talking about the basketball game that was on. She told me that, growing up, she used to watch with her brothers, so she really knew her stuff.

I was disappointed when her friend showed up and they left to sit at a table. Lucky for me, Trish came back when her friend went to the bathroom and slid her business card in front of me. Her cell was written on the back.

I texted her later that night and asked if she wanted to watch the game together that Friday. Fortunately, neither of us had our kids that weekend, so it worked out. She invited me to her house, which was perfect. She'd have home-court advantage.

I showed up at her place with a bottle of wine and one of those Nerf basketball hoops that you hang over the door. It was a cheap gift, but she loved it.

Trish is sexy when you first see her, but she gets way more enticing the more you talk to her—confident, plays to her strengths, and only has two nights every other week to herself, so she hates wasting time. I'm pretty sure that's why she was wearing a black lacy bra under her white button-down shirt. She said she didn't have time to change after work, but I doubted this.

She opened the bottle of wine, grabbed some glasses, brought everything to the couch, and tore into the Nerf box. I thought it would just be something playful and funny, but she took it to another level, suggesting we play "strip H-O-R-S-E." Pretty straightforward.

We took turns shooting the ball. If she made a shot, I needed to make the same shot. If I missed, I removed an article of clothing. Same for her if she missed a shot that I made.

Trish went first and drained an easy bucket. I missed mine on purpose. (You'd have done the same, admit it.) She giggled as I took off my socks. We kept shooting and missing for a while…until I finally made one. She aimed and missed—by a mile. Yessssssssssss.

She stared me down and unbuttoned her shirt. I held her gaze for as long as I could before breaking eye contact and staring at her bouncy, full-C breasts spilling out of her lace bra, revealing bits of her nipples.

I sunk another basket, and she clapped her hands together like an evil mastermind as she told me to remove my shirt. My shirt? She's not even playing by the rules. "And your pants," she said. I stepped out of them and handed her the ball.

The thrill of our little game was affecting me more than I expected. I made a move and unhooked her bra. She just giggled and turned to face me. We were almost nose to nose, so I put my hands on her hips and slid her skirt down until it fell to the floor.

HER CUNT WAS SO HOT AND TIGHT—SHE WAS HUNGRY FOR A GOOD, DEEP FUCK.

Trish stood before me in tiny thong underwear, daring me to make another move. I pulled up gently on her panties, putting pressure on her clit. She moaned softly, so I tugged it a little harder. Her mouth was by my ear, and she whispered that the tiny strip of lace was tickling her ass…how did I know she loved the butt stuff?

She then took me by the hand, led me to her room, and slid off her panties. She crawled on the bed, opened the drawer of her nightstand, and pulled out a vibrating wand. I watched for a few minutes as she squirmed, pressing the wand lightly against her clit. I stroked my cock, taking everything in.

"Your turn," she cooed, so I kneeled down and buried my face in her pussy. My tongue flicked over her now-engorged clit. I took the wand and pushed it against her tight asshole. Her hips bucked. She was ready. I climbed on top of her, looked into her eyes, and popped the tip of my dick into her pussy. She grabbed my ass and pulled me deep inside of her. Her cunt was so hot and tight—she was hungry for a good, deep fuck.

After a short session of long-dicking her missionary style, Trish propped her ankles on my shoulders and asked me to put the vibrator into her pussy to lube it up with her juices. I slid out of her slowly, letting her feel every inch of me. I eased the toy inside her, moving in short semicircles, getting it wet, and getting her close.

At her command, I pulled the wand out of her pussy and slowly pushed it into her asshole. Then I took my rock-hard rod and slid it back into her honey hole. I felt the vibrations on my dick, and on my balls, too.

Her snatch was tighter now, since the wand filled her up. It was an amazing feeling. I knew I wasn't going to last much longer. I was going to come hard and fast. She clenched her thighs around my body and screamed that she was going to come. Perfect timing. I bit down hard on her nipple and came deep inside her soaked pussy.

Things didn't develop too seriously between me and Trish, but every now and again she'll call and ask if I'm up for a game of H-O-R-S-E.

—David K., Des Moines, Iowa

NEW TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD

MY wife and I relocated from the concrete labyrinth of New York City to the rolling hills of a suburb north of the city. Our new 'hood looks a bit Stepford-wifey, but it was a nice respite from the ear-splitting

CHRISSY LAID LAUREN ON HER BACK AND STRIPPED HER DOWN TO HER LACY THONG. SEEING MY WIFE OPEN HERSELF TO ANOTHER WOMAN WAS AN AMAZING SIGHT.

police sirens of Manhattan at 3:00 A.M.

Here, the lawns are meticulously mowed, the flowerbeds could win awards, and a well-maintained woman with a tiny, yipping dog hanging out of her purse is not an uncommon sight. It's tranquil and scenic, but we also found it kind of boring after years in the city. However, it got a lot more interesting when we met our neighbors, Chrissy and Melanie.

After two months, my wife and I had settled into a routine. I'd come home around seven to find Lauren waiting with a cooling dinner plate and my newborn son tugging at her boob for some attention. I'd shed my corporate echelon getup, watch some TV, and attempt to get some sleep before my son woke early for a feeding while I silently jerked off next to my exhausted wife.

But one day I came home to see Lauren chatting with two pretty women in the driveway. It was nice to see her making friends. Lauren had given birth just four months earlier, but you'd never be able to tell because she bounced right back. She's a 5'3" Latina firecracker with green eyes and long brown hair who turns heads everywhere we go. Lately, though, at least in terms of energy, Lauren had crossed over into Mommyville. She was tired. I was tired. We needed a kick–a spark, something to get our batteries charged again.

I parked and met the two women and we all chatted for a few minutes. Chrissy was tall and willowy with fashion-model legs and a perfect ass in yoga pants. She had blonde hair and a thigh-gap that I couldn't help glancing at. Her friend Melanie just oozed sex, with large, round tits set off by a tank top. It was a hot August evening, and the sweat beads glistening on Melanie's cleavage made my mind wander.

It was about this moment when Lauren said: "Hey Greg, why don't you go change and come back down. We want to run something by you."

I headed inside. As I changed my clothes, I was thinking about both women. Lauren had kept her tone neutral, but there was a look in her eyes from the moment I'd arrived that suggested the three of them might have been talking about more than gardening and the best local spinning class. I went back outside and as I walked over to rejoin the trio I was excited but also a little self-conscious, like I was a teenager all over again.

Lauren didn't waste any time getting to the thing they wanted to run by me. "Chrissy and Melanie were wondering if you'd ever thought about being with other people," my wife of five years said.

Whoa. Lauren had never been what I'd call super sexually adventurous, but perhaps those post-pregnancy hormones had ignited some new desires in her. Who knew! I briefly glanced at our sexy neighbors, then said to Lauren, "Well, since you're asking…yes."

Things moved pretty fast after that. Lauren and Chrissy headed off first, while I was left with Melanie for a moment. "Is this really happening?" I asked. She laughed and said, "It sure is." We followed the others inside.

When Melanie and I got to the bedroom, Chrissy and Lauren were already making out on the bed, and Chrissy had her hand down Lauren's shirt.

"You sure you're okay with this?" Lauren asked. I kissed her and told her to just go with it.

Chrissy laid Lauren on her back and stripped her down to her lacy thong. Seeing my wife open herself to another woman was an amazing sight.

Melanie and I sat in a bedroom chair and watched Chrissy and Lauren go at it while she expertly stroked my cock. Then she turned around, straddled me, and began kissing me passionately. I reached down and pushed her panties to one side and she slid her hot pussy onto my cock, letting out a slight moan. It was almost too much to bear, this gorgeous woman riding my cock with her hot, shaved pussy while I watched another woman go down on my wife.

"Let's join them," I said to Melanie, and we got on the bed next to them.

I started swiveling my tongue around Lauren's erect nipples and she let out a breathless wail, having her first orgasm of the night. Melanie climbed on top of me, her size-D jugs gliding along my hard cock. Chrissy trailed her tongue from my chest down to my hardware, swirling her tongue around my shaft while Lauren juggled my sac. Melanie moved so that her pink slit was directly over my face and I sucked on her lips. Meanwhile, Chrissy and Lauren took care of business downstairs.

After a few minutes of fingering Melanie and flicking my tongue into her satiny slit, we switched positions. I started licking Chrissy's pussy while my wife sucked on her nipples. I knew I could press my luck with Chrissy as she seemed the most adventurous, so I began darting my tongue in and out of her asshole while I massaged her clit with my index finger. Melanie then straddled Chrissy's head and began grinding her pussy onto her face.

I stood up near the edge of the bed and took my wife by the hips, thrusting her from behind while she licked Chrissy. I was so turned-on I started pounding into her, but Lauren wanted long, slow strokes so she could keep her rhythm licking Chrissy's pussy. I was happy to oblige.

After a few minutes of heaven, Chrissy said, "Greg, I want you to fuck me." After all, Melanie had already had her turn.

The girls had me lie on my back as Chrissy mounted me and my wife sat on my face. Melanie nibbled on my ear as I shoved my face into my wife's ass and began rimming her while Chrissy bounced up and down on my cock. Lauren was very receptive to what I was doing and began pressing her tight asshole onto my tongue while she moaned loudly.

When the two women sensed I was about to come, they both moved down to my cock. Chrissy was stroking it as my wife

took me in her mouth, and that's when I blew. Lauren came up, held my gaze, and swallowed.

Afterward, we all stayed on the bed for a while, blissed out. Lauren and I were still in our euphoric state when Chrissy and Melanie got up, dressed, and started for the door.

"Welcome to the neighborhood, you guys," said Chrissy. "You'll fit in just fine!"

—Greg S., Armonk, New York

QUEEN B

BACK when I was a young buck at boarding school, my sex life was out of control. All of us were a little out of control. Maybe it's because we were young, horny, and removed from any parental supervision, but everyone was down to fuck (we were 18, after all). The sex was wild, awkward, and messy. Teenage stuff.

During my junior year, I had just broken up with my girlfriend, who I'd been with for years. She didn't go to our school, so barely any of my classmates knew we'd split. But I was happy we were done; I wanted to be fucking blitzkrieg-style like the rest of my friends.

The funny thing was, the girls were totally in charge. There were rumors that a few of them even had a "Bang Book" where they rated all the boys they'd slept with in explicit categories. None of the guys had actually seen this alleged book, except for one dude who claimed he caught a glimpse of it on a girl's bedside table after receiving an afternoon handjob.

One of the "Bang Book" authors was this loud, ballsy chick named Lillian. She was hot: tall with long brown hair, a resting bitch face, a perky little ass, and big double-Ds she squeezed into tight tank tops. Lillian was the kind of scary cunt who took two hours to perfect herself every morning, yet wouldn't hesitate to ruin all of it if the need to fight came up. I once watched her rip out a clump of another girl's hair. I always wondered what the fuck her parents did to her.

Lillian sat in the row beside me in math class. We rarely spoke, but shared glances every now and then. One day I was staring bored at our teacher, blabbing away, when I suddenly became distracted by a loud, repetitive

AFTER A MINUTE OR TWO OF KISSING AND HANDJOBBING, LILLIAN DROPPED TO HER KNEES AND GRABBED MY ASS, SHOVING MY ENTIRE DICK INTO HER WARM, SOFT MOUTH.

tapping. I turned my head and noticed Lillian, drumming her long dagger nails on the desk and glaring right at me. Then she released a smile from her stuck-up, angry face, drew her finger to her mouth, and rubbed her lips.

I don't remember how I reacted. I probably just concentrated on controlling my boner while gaping at her like a dumb dog. When I looked back toward the front of the room, she started the nail-drumming again. I glanced back again and she smiled.

"Wanna fuck?" she mouthed.

After what seemed like the longest class of my life, Lillian slithered up to me and my more-than-ready cock. "Let's go to your room," I said.

Lillian smiled, grabbed my hand, and dragged me down the hall. She was dominating, normally something I'm not attracted to, but I was game. You know how it is. Fucking her would be a prize complete with endless bragging rights.

When we got to her dorm room, Lillian shoved open the door and pulled me inside. Immediately, I went for it. I pulled her toward me, cradling her waist and smashing those big, bouncing tits right up against me.

Lillian was an excellent kisser. Nothing about her was timid. She undid my pants and wrapped her fingers around my rock-hard cock. Then she moved her hand up, spit into her palm, then moved it back down, stroking my cock at just the right speed.

After a minute or two of kissing and handjobbing, Lillian dropped to her knees and grabbed my ass, shoving my entire dick into her warm, soft mouth. She bobbed and stroked, working her tongue like a magician while her free hand played with my ready-to-explode ball sac.

I had never gotten a blowjob that good before. Lillian moaned and looked up at me, sucking all the way to the head and pulling her mouth off, letting a tight rope of spit string from her lips to my cock. Then she shot herself up, ripped off her tank top, and pulled me back onto the bed.

Reaching under her skirt, I realized Lillian wasn't wearing any underwear, and got even harder. I said nothing, just fingered her tight, creamy pussy. Her tits looked like they were going to strangle her neck.

"Stick it in me," she demanded.

I shoved my cock inside her and fucked with all the vigor I had in my horny teenage body. I don't know how long it lasted—probably a lot less than I remember. Lillian was whimpering, moaning like a little puppy as she pulled at my neck and I thrust as hard as I could. Her cunt was dripping wet and tighter than a pinhole.

When I was about to come, I pulled out and hoisted on top of her, ready to come on her tits. Instead, she grabbed my dick and started sucking it again until I exploded a load so big down her throat that it dribbled out onto her chin and all over her neck. She slurped, gave me one final send off suck, and then swallowed. I fell backwards, feeling like I was going to pass out.

Suddenly, Lillian got up, walked to her closet, and pulled on some sweatpants. She sat back down, gave me a kiss, and resumed her resting bitch face.

"I'm going to say eight out of ten," she smirked. "Not bad."

I was stunned. Not knowing what else to do, I laughed.

She raised her eyebrows and gestured towards the door. "You can go now," she said.

What the fuck? Somewhat offended, I grabbed my clothes and dressed quickly, trying to get the hell out of there.

But then it occurred to me—I'd just fucked Lillian, queen bitch of our school, in between math and science class. What did it matter that she was booting me out after ranking me in her "Bang Book"? I couldn't wait to brag about it to all my horny friends.

—Bobby O., Bedford, New Hampshire

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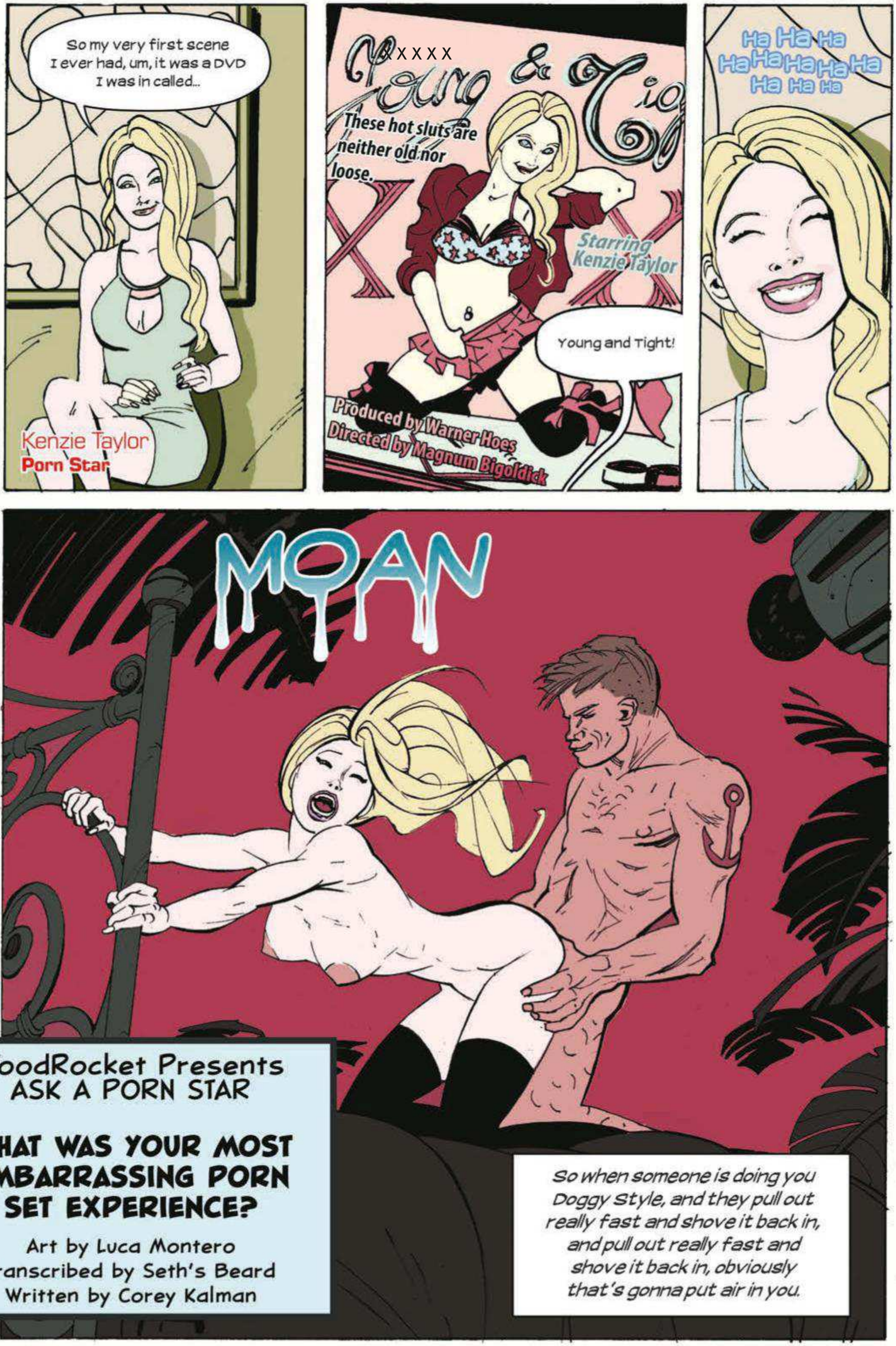
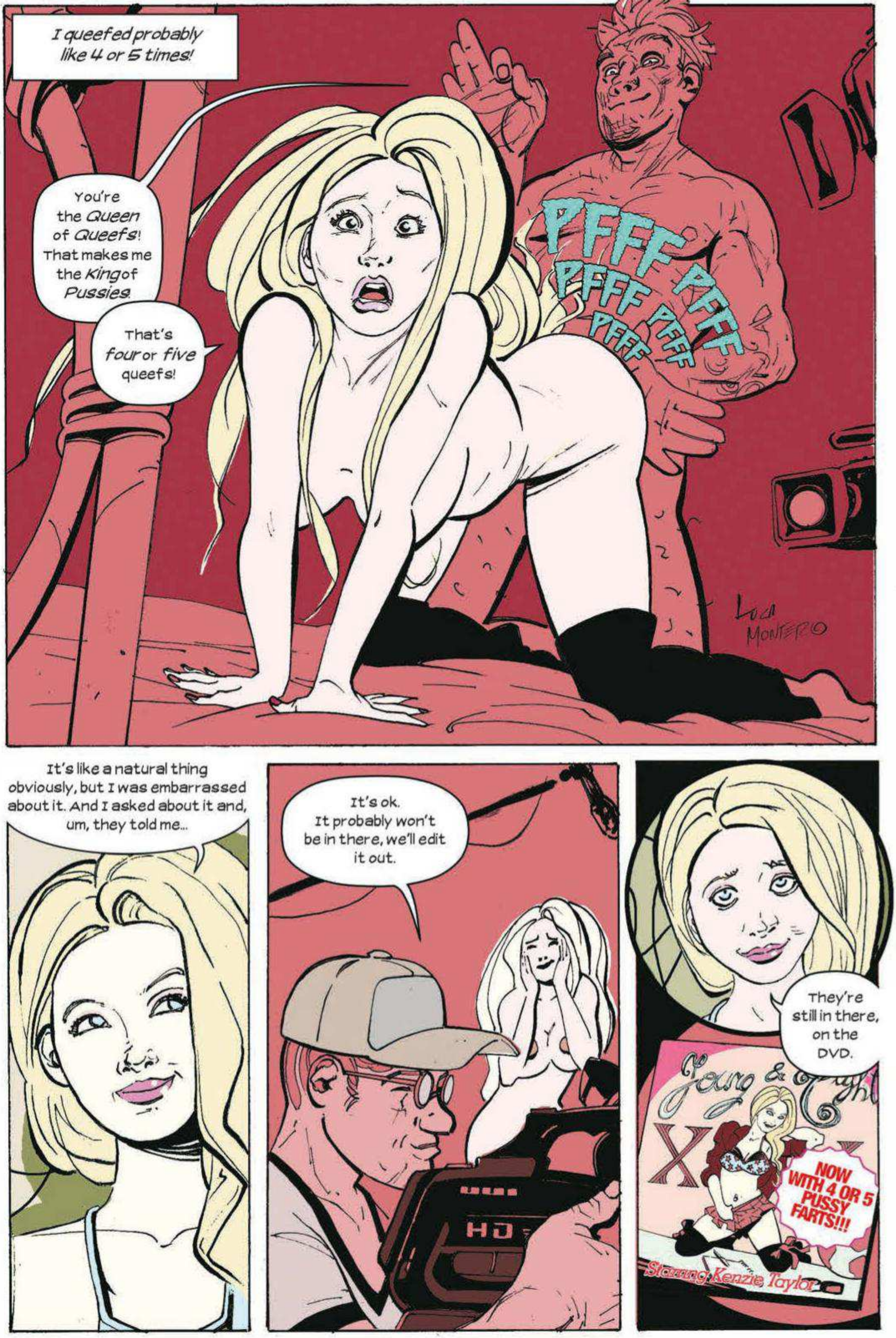
Send letters to letters@penthouse.com or mail to *Penthouse* magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311.

WoodRocket Presents
ASK A PORN STAR

WHAT WAS YOUR MOST EMBARRASSING PORN SET EXPERIENCE?

Art by Luca Montero
Transcribed by Seth's Beard
Written by Corey Kalman


So my very first scene I ever had, um, it was a DVD I was in called...
Kenzie Taylor
Porn Star
xxxxx
Young & Tig
These hot sluts are neither old nor loose.
XXX
Starring Kenzie Taylor
Produced by Warner Hoes
Directed by Magnum Bigoldick
Young and Tight!
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha
MOAN
So when someone is doing you Doggy Style, and they pull out really fast and shove it back in, and pull out really fast and shove it back in, obviously that's gonna put air in you.


I queefed probably like 4 or 5 times!
You're the Queen of Queefs! That makes me the King of Pussies.
That's four or five queefs!
PFFF PFFF PFFF PFFF PFFF PFFF
Luca MONTERO
It's like a natural thing obviously, but I was embarrassed about it. And I asked about it and, um, they told me...
It's ok. It probably won't be in there, we'll edit it out.
HD
They're still in there, on the DVD.
Young & Tight
NOW WITH 4 OR 5 PUSSY FARTS!!!
Starring Kenzie Taylor

THE GOOD OL' DAYS

A NOSTALGIC LOOK BACK AT WHEN CELEBRITIES GOT BUSTED WITH WEED.

BY MISH BARBER-WAY

LAST election, Proposition 64 passed in California. Otherwise known as the Adult Use of Marijuana Act (AUMA), Prop 64 pleased cannabis cultivators, dispensary owners, and non-medical users all over the state. A big win for those invested in cannabis.

Now, I believe the government should stay out of our personal lives. Government solely exists to protect the individual's rights to life, liberty, and property. Otherwise, they can kick rocks. However, if Washington is going to shove their big, fat, greasy noses into our business when it comes to alternative medicine, I would rather they give us a "go forth" than "go to jail."

Among other changes, Prop 64 law states that individuals over the age of 21 can legally possess up to one ounce (or eight grams of concentrates) for personal use, including the cultivation of up to six plants. It also reduces penalties for "most illegal cultivation, sale, transport, and possession of sale offenses from felonies to misdemeanors." Which means it's happy hour for anyone in California who likes weed, not just those of us with our medical marijuana cards. But I'm sure going to miss the days when celebrities getting caught with a little pot was a massive scandal.

Back in 2007, Paris Hilton, Lindsay Lohan, Britney Spears, Mischa Barton, and Nicole Richie ruled the tabloids like the Rat Pack. Lowbrow trash became high-end fashion. Neon thongs, stringy extensions, sugar-free Red Bull, and jeans so low they dangled on girls' pubic bones. Celebrity diets consisted of vodka, toilet paper, and Xanax. Exposing your vagina as you tumbled out of an SUV was the new black.

Remember when Nicole Richie was on a fast and loose downward spiral? The rice-cracker-thin socialite flew down the 134 Freeway so high she didn't even notice that she was entering against the flow of traffic. The police caught up to her, and Richie slammed on her breaks in the carpool lane. When she pulled off her oversized sunglasses, she admitted to being stoned on Vicodin. She reeked of weed. Another confession followed. Within a few hours, Richie was booked at a California Highway Patrol station and her mug shot spread like wildfire though the gossip sites.

Just after Christmas that same year, *The O.C.* starlet Mischa Barton was arrested while speeding erratically down La Cienega Boulevard in West Hollywood. When the LAPD stopped her car, she blew over the limit and failed to provide a legal driver's license. When searching the actress's vehicle, police found a pleasant surprise: a big ol' bag of weed. Barton only spent a few hours in jail before being released to the tune of $10,000. The squeaky-clean beauty queen had officially solidified herself as a bad girl. (This was just the beginning for Barton.)

And who could forget Britney Spears's infamous stoner rant caught on film? During her stint with that nothing-burger Kevin Federline, a video leaked of Spears in her signature wifebeater tank top and stained trucker hat. She was as stoned and confused as a teenage girl. While waving a joint in her hand, she belched at the camera and smiled. Federline zoomed in on her.

"Why are you looking through the peephole?" the pop princess shrieked. "You are acting like a cameraman!"

After shaking her head so rapidly it seemed like an effort to literally toss out her thoughts, Britney sighed and grabbed a snack from the table.

"I feel like I've been missing out on life," she lamented. As her shoulders fell, you could feel the weed massaging her tired, tired brain. Aside from shaving her head and smashing the shit out of that paparazzi's car, this was one of Britney's most iconic and vulnerable moments.

During the mid-2000s, Lindsay Lohan was arrested every time she left her house. She even made court-ordered ankle monitors trendy when she posed wearing nothing but a bikini, gold high heels, and her SCRAM device. This was her prime. She was the It Girl who fabulously fumbled across the red carpet. Though her drug-possession charge of choice was cocaine, there had been many leaked photos of the actress smoking weed. My favorite? A disposable snapshot of Lindsay with heavy indica eyes staring blankly into the camera, her middle finger raised as a friend leans over her shoulders. In her other hand? A crappy little glass pipe.

But the leader of the pack was Paris Hilton. She was Cherie Currie, Joan Jett, and Lita Ford rolled into one tanned,

shimmering gazelle. Hilton had it all, including a myriad of pristine mug shots. In the summer of 2010, Hilton was busted on the Las Vegas strip for hot-boxing her Cadillac Escalade. Police saw the smoke and tapped on her window. After a quick search, they also found cocaine. (Side note: My male model friend dated Hilton during these days. He said she is smart, hilarious, and had the purest coke he ever snorted.) Pleading guilty, Hilton swore to stay out of trouble, pay her fine, and complete 200 hours of community service.

According to the *Las Vegas Sun,* Justice of the Peace Joe Bonaventure looked long and hard at the hellion hotel heiress during her sentencing.

"I'm going to warn you, Miss Hilton, you've now been sentenced to one year in the Clark County Detention Center," he lectured. "The Clark County Detention Center is not the Waldorf Astoria. But I assure you that if you violate the terms of your probation you will serve one year in the Clark County Detention Center. Treat this very seriously. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, your honor," she cooed, caressing her loosely curled extensions. "I promise."

It's like she knew she was closing off an era.

California now legally accepts the healing powers of cannabis. Drive through Studio City and every other billboard boasts an ad for a new dispensary. Girls stroll Melrose huffing their vape pens while walking their dogs. The infamously evil gateway drug is becoming legit. As Martha Stewart would say, "It's a good thing." And it is. I'm just going to miss that decade of scandalous socialites driving in cars with drugs.

MISH BARBER-WAY is a freelance writer whose work has appeared in the L.A. Times, Hustler, and on VICE. She also fronts the punk band White Lung.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / HANDOUT

LITTLE RED ROCKETS

A ONE-ACT PLAY ABOUT FRIENDSHIP

BY DAVE CARNIE

THE Song family lived down the street from us at the end of the cul-de-sac. I often say, “I grew up with a Korean family,” but that’s not entirely true. While the parents were Korean, they were hardly ever home, thus leaving the boys, Philip and Frederick, who were born and bred in America, to their own devices. Which is why their house was the preferred hangout and meeting place for our little horde of idiots.

I spent a lot of time at the Song house with the Song brothers performing feats of mischief while growing up. They were like any other dysfunctional American family, but with a dash of Korean weirdness thrown in for flavor. Their house, for instance, was permeated by an unusual odor that was, at least in part, Korean.

The freezer in the Song’s garage was completely empty save for a giant jar of kimchi resting atop a large green pile of Ajax. I think the Ajax was mistakenly intended to absorb odors like baking soda, but the bleach had the exact opposite effect because it amplified the stench of the fermented cabbage to such an extent that you could smell it just by looking at their house. In hindsight, I wonder if this wasn’t some sort of North Korean satellite chemical-weapon operation?

I’VE BEEN RECALLING THIS INCIDENT FROM MY CHILDHOOD A LOT LATELY—A YOUNG AMERICAN AND A KOREAN KID MAKE A RUSSIAN CAT COME.

Another peculiar mash-up of Korean/American traditions were the bear dicks on the kitchen table. The bear dicks were prepared weekly by Mr. Song. To make bear dicks, place a package of hot dogs on a plate and microwave for ten minutes. Or 20 minutes. Whatever. The longer the better. Because the casings need to explode and the meat filling needs to flow out like molten lava. Then place the plate in the center of your kitchen table. After a couple days of air-drying, the wieners will shrivel up and take on a deep mahogany appearance. I have no idea what a bear’s penis actually looks like, but the first time I saw Mr. Song’s assembly of exploded wieners, that’s what came to mind: bear dicks.

“David. Have,” Mr. Song would say gruffly, pointing to the plate of bear dicks.

“Thanks, Mr. Song, but I’m okay right now.”

On the surface, Mr. Song seemed like a very angry man, like any stereotypical Korean father, but I think that was just his resting bitch face. He was probably a very nice guy. Hard to say, though, because he was never really around (he played golf every day, all day) and I don’t think he really cared much about us. There was, however, one thing that consistently raised Mr. Song’s ire: Herky, the family cat.

Mr. Song did not appreciate this creature’s behavior one bit. While Frederick, the oldest brother, was responsible for a wide variety of household chores, the cat was under Philip’s care. And Philip’s performance in this area was not up to Mr. Song’s standards. It was, therefore, not unusual for us to be messing around in the creek (or something) when we’d be interrupted by Mr. Song’s siren call.

“PHILIP!” Mr. Song’s voice would bellow through the neighborhood. (Although “Philip” isn’t an accurate representation of what he yelled because Mr. Song was an older Korean man with a very strong Korean accent, so “Philip” sounded more like, “PHUUUP!”)

Whenever Philip heard “PHUUUP!”, he would interrupt whatever we were doing in order to respond to his father. “Hold on a second,” he’d say to us. Then, as loud as he could, he’d yell back, “WHAAAAAAT?”

There was generally a brief pause before Mr. Song would respond with his most common complaint: “MEW-MEW POO-POO!”

“Mew-mew poo-poo” meant: The cat had taken a shit and Philip was required to come clean it up. Immediately.

“OKAY! HOLD ON!” Philip would yell whilst we giggled our little asses off. “Fuck.” Then he’d take his leave of us, grumble all the way home, and clean up the mew-mew poo-poo.

The mew-mew, Herky, was a Russian Blue. Herky was a weird cat. Probably due to the weird environment he grew up in. Our attentions toward him alternated between affection and torture because we were young, stupid, adolescent boys. And, in fact, you can decide for yourself whether the following story equals affection or torture. I think it’s a little of both.

Like most cats, Herky liked to have his ass spanked. He got off on it. During these spanking sessions, he would stand on his tippy toes with his ass in the air, his tail erect, and his big ol' blue balls sticking out. Herky had some big-ass balls. They looked like fuzzy little blue tennis balls. They were adorable. So it was during one of these spanking sessions that Philip and I conducted an experiment on Herky's adorable fuzzy balls.

Herky was at about chest level on the stone wall that surrounded the Song's porch. It was too hot to skate and there was nothing to do but lazily spank the cat. With his blue balls practically being shoved in our faces, Philip and I started poking the cat's downy orbs. That made Herky even more agitated.

"Oh! He likes it," I said, flicking his testicles with my finger.

"Mkgnao!" Herky growled.

Philip, emboldened by his cat's randy behavior, applied two fingers to the task of tickling the Russian Blue's wooly globes. He made the "peace" sign and fluttered his fingers in rapid succession, working the small blue sac like a tiny boxer at a miniature speed bag. Herky seemed to like that even more because his hindquarters started twitching and he alternated his weight from leg to leg. We didn't realize it at the time, but Herky had begun marching up Orgasm Mountain.

"MKALKROOGGWWWW!" Herky moaned.

And then Herky came all over the wall.

"Holy shit!" I said, leaning in to have a closer look at the small, milky puddle that Herky left behind. "You just made the cat come!"

I, of course, ran off and told all our friends. "Philip made the cat come! Philip made the cat come!"

I've been recalling this incident from my childhood a lot lately—a young American and a Korean kid make a Russian cat come—because the three world leaders who dominate the news these days also happen to be a Russian, a Korean, and an American: Vladimir Putin, Kim Jong-un, and Dingbat Twit. I've been imagining them reenacting our performance and jacking each other off onstage—with Kim playing Philip, Dingbat as me, and Vladimir Putin as Herky the cat with his big blue balls—the characters mirroring their real-world "sword" rattling with lines that echo the surreal statements they've all come to be known for.

ACT ONE

A wall on the North Korean border with Russia. Afternoon. The supreme leader of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, KIM JONG-UN, gazes wistfully over the Russian border. The U.S. president, DINGBAT TWIT, approaches.

DINGBAT TWIT: Hey Kim. What are you doing? You look a little down in the mouth. You okay?

KIM JONG-UN: Oh hey, Dingbat. I'm fine. I was just thinking about how enormous my penis is, but then I was filled with great sorrow when I realized that most people will never know what it's like to have a penis as magnificent as mine.

DINGBAT TWIT: It's a shame, Kim, a real shame. I know how you feel because you may have a big penis for a Chinese man, but it is nowhere near as mighty as my member. Sad.

KIM JONG-UN: (*Angry*) First of all, I'm Korean. And my penis is giant. My penis is named Victorious Fatherland. It is the Master of Destiny. A new star appears in the sky every time I make water and the Victorious Fatherland is the author of six operas. All six operas are better than any other opera ever written.

DINGBAT TWIT: 'Fraid not, Kimmy. In my pants, right now, is the most beautiful chunk of cock you've ever seen. Beautiful.

KIM JONG-UN: No way, Dingbat. My gigantic wang demonstrates to the full the heroic stamina of the powerful revolutionary Paektusan army in a drive to create the Korean speed.

Enter Russian Blue cat, VLADIMIR PUTIN, who hops onto wall.

DINGBAT TWIT: Oh, hello, Vlad, I was just telling Kimmy about how—

VLADIMIR PUTIN: (*Interrupting*) Shut up. Slap my ass.

DINGBAT TWIT: Oh, well, I—

VLADIMIR PUTIN: (*Yelling*) NOW!

DINGBAT TWIT: Well, sure, Vlad, anything you say.

Dingbat clumsily gropes and manhandles the cat's rear end.

VLADIMIR PUTIN: STOP! Not like this, you stupid man. Kimmy, please show Dingbatsky how make Russia with love.

Kim dutifully stands behind Vladimir and begins slapping the cat's ass with great force.

VLADIMIR PUTIN: Now Dingbatsky, you have watch. Kimmy will show how make pleasure to Mother Russia.

Vladimir arches his back, puckers his little brown starfish, and farts in Kim's face.

VLADIMIR PUTIN: (*Laughing*) Why I make air poop on Kimmy's face? Because I has perhaps many cabbage vodka in morning? I do not know, it is maybe.

DINGBAT TWIT: (*Fanning nose with his tiny hands*) Wow! Smells like your wind farm has a dead bird problem. Bigly. Lots of dead birds, folks. They've killed so many eagles. You know they put you in jail if you kill an eagle.

Vladimir does not respond because he is too busy growling at Kim to slap his ass harder.

VLADIMIR PUTIN: Yes, Kim-meeeeow! YES! Make stroke of staff, cup of balls!

As Kim spanks Vladimir's rump with one hand, his other massages the insides of the Russian Blue's twitching legs before reaching up to caress the azure fuzz on his succulent scrotum. The Korean's fingers dance across Vladimir's testicles like a fish on ice, bringing the Russian leader to the brink of orgasm. His colossal red rocket emerges from its sheath, the warhead glistens in the afternoon sun. Then, with a deafening roar, the Russian ejaculates. Great torrents of semen shoot out of his meat stick and the warm stones are shellacked with his love juice.

Dingbat and Kim inspect the semen as Vladimir exits laughing.

DINGBAT TWIT: (*Removes phone from jacket pocket and reads while typing on Twitter*) "Long dong Jong hearts Putin's pussy. Terrific handjob. Come everywhere. No one is more passionate about Korea-Russia relations than me."

Curtain.

I wish in reality that was the only little red rocket those silly men had access to.

DAVE CARNIE is a sultry, sexy redhead who loves horseback riding.

DELIA SHEPPARD

PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH, APRIL 1988

THE EROTIC REVIEW

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I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.

★★★★★

★★★★☆

★★★★☆

After sipping some champaign, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.

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